

The American Girl

15¢ a copy

SEPTEMBER

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1933



beginning The Room on the Roof by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

FOR THE CONVENTION IN MILWAUKEE



Be in uniform . . . and be well dressed. The satisfying feeling of fitness and correctness cannot be valued in actual money. You are prepared for any emergency and appropriately dressed for all occasions. The correct insignia is important also. And the appropriate accessories will add much to the enjoyment and comfort of the trip.

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc. 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

THE AMERICAN GIRL
THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for SEPTEMBER, 1933

Cover Design Ruth Carroll
On the Terrace—From a painting by Auguste Renoir Page 6

STORIES

Champion, Do Your Stuff!—Kenneth Payson Kempton. Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett 10
The Room on the Roof, Part I—Josephine Daskam Bacon. Illustrations by Harvé Stein 13
Part-time Dog—Diana Thorne. Illustrations by the author 19
The Log of the Altair, Part III—Edith Ballinger Price. Illustrations by Armstrong Sperry 23

ARTICLES

Janet Looks at Paintings—Mildred Adams. Illustrated with photographs 7
Behind the Shop Window—Jeanette Eaton. Decorations by Robert A. Graef . . . 17
Flags Over Hockey—Janet Owen. Illustrated with a photograph 22
You Can Make a Butter Cake—Jane Carter. Illustrated with a photograph 32
Silhouettes in Blue—Alma Gibson Baker. Decorations by the author 38

POEMS

Candor—Grace Hazard Conkling . . . 12
Reasons—William Rose Benét 16

DEPARTMENTS

Who's Who in This Issue 4
Autumn Frocks for "Best" and School 35
What's Happening?—Mary Day Winn 30
Books of Adventure—Sophie L. Goldsmith 40
A Penny for Your Thoughts 44
Laugh and Grow Scout 49
When Stamps Are Your Hobby—Osborne B. Bond 50

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

Some Good Ideas for Fun at Camp . . . 28
Our Star Reporter 28

GIRL SCOUT PICTURES

Girl Scouts at Their Camps 26, 27

ANNE STODDARD, Editor
AMY S. JENNINGS, Managing Editor
THE AMERICAN GIRL
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.
ORMONDE RUSSELL, Circulation Manager

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Canadian, \$3.50 extra a year for postage, \$.70 for two years; foreign, \$.75 extra a year for postage, \$1.00 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.
ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Pacific Coast, 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif. New England States: Dorr & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

VOLUME XVI
Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations
NUMBER 9
Honorary President . Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Honorary Vice-Presidents { Mrs. T. J. PRESTON, JR.
Mrs. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Mrs. WILLIAM H. TAFT
Mrs. WOODROW WILSON
Miss SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE
Mrs. WILLIAM H. HOFFMAN
Mrs. HERBERT HOOVER
Founder Mrs. JULIETTE LOW
President Mrs. FREDERICK EDEY
Mrs. Arthur O. Choate First Vice-President
Mrs. Vance C. McCormick Second Vice-President
Mrs. A. Clifford Shinkle Third Vice-President
Mrs. William M. Chester Fourth Vice-President
Mrs. Barrett Wendell Fifth Vice-President
Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman Sixth Vice-President
Mrs. Louis G. Myers Seventh Vice-President
Mrs. Arthur W. Hartt Eighth Vice-President
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady Chairman, Board of Directors
Mrs. Edgar Rickard Treasurer
Mrs. Julius H. Barnes Secretary
Miss Josephine Schain Director
Mr. Edward F. Elwood Controller

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON says:

"When I was a girl, I loved mystery stories and read all I could get my hands on. Only a few authors wrote 'detective stories,' as they were called then, and I never heard of one being written either for, or about girls themselves. It wasn't done.

"So when one of my friends in the Public Library asked me if I couldn't be persuaded to write another girls' book, and I agreed that I'd rather like to, I was much impressed to hear her add,

"And you'll make it a mystery story, won't you, Mrs. Bacon? The girls are crazy about them!"

"Why, what an extraordinary idea," said I, amazed. 'You don't mean there are girls' mystery stories? I never could write one in the world!'

"But the idea interested me, and I set to work on one. It was called *The Luck of Lowry*, and when it was selected by the Junior Literary Guild, I knew the girls were going to like it! Next, I did a short one, *Girl Wanted*, for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*; and then I decided to write a girls' mystery which should be exactly like an adult mystery in plot and action, but the heroine would be a young girl. This I think I have accomplished in *The Room on the Roof*."



RUTH CARROLL, who designed the cover for this issue, is not only an illustrator, but a portrait painter and creator of books for children, as well. *What Whiskers Did*, her dog-and-rabbit picture book published

last year, was one of the most outstanding successes of the season. The unique feature of the book was the fact that it was wholly without text, the story being told entirely in pictures.

When Mrs. Carroll was herself a child, her parents wished her to specialize in music, but her heart was set on becoming an artist. She says: "By sheer insistence, I induced my aunts, uncles and cousins to sit for me. The results were terrible, but I always contrived to get a sort of ghoully likeness which appalled them." It was this trick of getting a likeness, she feels, which finally opened the way to art instruction. She worked under many teachers, among them the celebrated portrait painter, Cecilia Beaux.

Mrs. Carroll also painted landscapes and found time to go to college. While she was a junior at Vassar, the Philadelphia Academy accepted one of her landscapes; and shortly after her graduation, the Newark Museum also bought three of her paintings, all landscapes.

KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON writes: "I am forty-two. Half my time is spent in writing stories, half in teaching others to write them at Harvard and Radcliffe. My stories for girls are built along the lines of what my daughter, aged fourteen, likes. She has recently taken up golf: hence *Champion, Do Your Stuff!*

"I like golf, too, having played it (very badly indeed) since I was twelve. But I like sailing better. Anything connected with the sea, or even a lake or a river, hits me right. Next in my list of likes comes tennis, and then dogs. My present (and I hope for a long time in the future) dog is named Shandygaff—a wire-haired fox terrier who has never missed a meal or a cat. His policy is: Whatever moves should be chased, and whatever is still should be set moving. His only objection to me is that when I am writing, he can't budge me."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, whose latest two books are *Rip Tide*, a novel in verse, and *Fifty Poets: An Anthology*, both published by Duffield & Green, has written seven other volumes of poems,



edited two other anthologies, written a novel, a fantastic book for children, and a volume of essays and light verse. For ten years he has been associated with *The Saturday Review of Literature*, to which he is now a Contributing Editor.

In *The Saturday Review of Literature* Mr. Benét writes a regular weekly department called *The Phoenix Nest*. His younger brother (Stephen Vincent Benét, author of the famous *John Brown's Body*) and his sister, Laura Benét, are also well-known American poets.

Mr. Benét is the father of three children. His son is now a junior in Stanford University. His youngest daughter is still in school in Palo Alto, and his elder daughter, Frances Rosemary, to whom the present poem is addressed, graduated last June from the Castilleja School in Palo Alto, and this autumn will be a freshman in Stanford University.

DIANA THORNE, noted etcher and painter of dogs, perfected her technic by long, hard training in European schools. She has an uncanny understanding of dogs and great love for them—that is why she depicts them in action so successfully and so vividly.

Speaking of her painting, Miss Thorne says: "The only still dog is a dead dog. I have to get what I can from a sitting, and to depend largely on what I know of dog anatomy. With these fidgety subjects, I begin by sketching in the general composition. Then I sketch an eye, or a paw, or a nose, or some other detail as I can catch it during such moments as the model happens not to be in motion.

"But my very first move is to make friends with the dog I am to paint or draw. One big German shepherd dog would not so much as come into the studio, no matter how I coaxed him. He stood, bristling and stubborn, on the threshold. So I painted him that way, and called the picture: 'On Guard.'"

MILDRED ADAMS

says that the first pictures she ever saw were those her father painted when she was about eight years old. The whole family used to go off for a day's picnicking in the Berkshire Hills, and while she and her young brother hunted chestnuts and chased squirrels, her father set up an easel and made oil sketches of sapphire lakes and scarlet maple trees. Pictures were as much a part of daily life as story books and roller skates, so even when she grew older and began to look at what people call the masterpieces of the world, she always thought of them as friends. Nowadays it is words that absorb most of her hours, for she is a special writer for the *New York Times* and many monthly magazines, but she still keeps pictures as her pet hobby.



JANET OWEN, whose article on field hockey appears in this issue, is one of the best known women sports writers in the East. Always having been interested in sports, she has spent several summers as a counselor in a girls' camp. One summer, after her graduation from Barnard College, the idea came to her that some metropolitan newspaper might be interested in a daily column on women's sports. She drafted her column and presented it to the editor on her return to the city after camp. It was accepted, and from that time on, she has been dashing about the country on sports assignments. It is nothing unusual for Miss Owen to hurry from Maine to Virginia, and from there to Chicago in one week. Of herself, Miss Owen plays basketball, fences, swims, rides, has a good badminton record, and devotes as much of her leisure as she can to rhythmic dancing.

JEANETTE EATON

writes: "Columbus, Ohio, must take the responsibility of acting as my birthplace and Vassar College of giving me an education—albeit I did achieve a second degree at the Ohio State University. *Pictorial Review*, *Harper's*, *McCall's*, *Delineator* and many less well-known magazines have published my articles on vocational education. But for pleasure I write biographies for young people. This is a list of them: *A Daughter of the Seine*, which is a life of Madame Roland; *The Soldier Saint*, a life of Jeanne d'Arc; *The Flame*, a life of Saint Catherine of Siena; and *Young Lafayette*. I also wrote *A Herdboy of Hungary* with Alexander Finta.

"Officially I belong to a small town in Pennsylvania which I love far better than New York City. But I am happiest of all in the country. I swim like a somewhat inexperienced frog, ride horseback with misgivings, and drive a car fairly well on a country road. I'd rather write for young people than for anybody else, because they are an honest and critical audience and challenge one to do one's best."



Stitch in time



The Pricking of Bubble was cute, too. The girl who made the pictures—Mary Sarg—is Tony Sarg's daughter, you know."

"I didn't know it. That's exciting!" cried Joan. "And weren't you thrilled over Cornelia Otis Skinner's article? She's another famous daughter! Otis Skinner, the great actor, is her father. I guess talent must be inherited."

THEY walked on in silence for a moment; then Jean said musingly, "Mary Margaret McBride has an awfully interesting story about a girl who worked on a newspaper—"

"Yes, I read it," interrupted Joan. "It's a true story. Miss McBride knows my aunt and told her all about it. It really happened to Miss McBride when she was a girl."

"I'm plumb crazy about *The Room on the Roof*," Jean went on. "Josephine Daskam Bacon certainly does take the cake for mystery stories!"

"Nancy Walburn's article about social service was swell, too. I'd thought about that kind of work myself, when I'm old enough for a job, and the article tells all about it."

They paused at the street crossing. "The Girl Scout news and pictures were interesting," said her chum, as they started across. "And I simply adore that poem of Rachel Field's—I hope she'll write stories for us, too."

"So do I," answered Jean. "Well, here we are at school! We'll have to stop now, but let's talk some more about THE AMERICAN GIRL at luncheon."

If your subscription has run out, mail the renewal today. Send \$1.50 for one year's subscription or \$2.00 for two years to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"HURRY," urged Joan, as Jean paused at the corner. "We'll be late for school, if you don't." But Jean walked placidly to the mail box and dropped a letter into it.

"There," she said, "that's off my mind! It's the renewal of my subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL. It ran out—my subscription, I mean—with the last issue and, believe me, I am not going to miss a number."

"Don't blame you," agreed Joan. "Have you finished reading the October AMERICAN GIRL yet? It's a crackerjack. Wasn't that story of Hildegard Hawthorne's about the Pony Express keen? And didn't you love Joseph Stahley's pictures—all those horses and Indians?"

"I sure did." Jean shifted her school books to her other arm. "I thought



ON THE TERRACE

AUGUSTE RENOIR

Courtesy of the Chicago Art Institute

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

SEPTEMBER • 1933

Janet Looks at Paintings

*Photographs by courtesy of
the Chicago Art Institute*

By
MILDRED ADAMS

TOMORROW," Jane announced with a little lilt in her voice, "we shall see pictures."

Janet looked up from her dusty shoes. At fourteen and a half she felt ever so much older than her gay young aunt, and she had just discovered that a day at the Fair had scuffed one toe and bruised the other heel. "But we've been seeing pictures ever since we came to Chicago," she protested. "Pictures of oil wells, and locomotives, and what your voice looks like when you sing, and—"

"Oh, but I mean real pictures," Jane explained. "Not things thrown on a screen, not movies nor photographs, but painted pictures, some of them new and some of them older than you are, older than I am, older even than the United States is. And beautiful—oh, Janet, you wait and see if your eyes don't love them! And the more you see of them, the more you'll love them, or you're no niece of mine. You'll grow into them and out of them. Some you'll think are perfectly lovely now, and ten years from now you'll wonder why. And some of them will look queer now, but ten years from now you'll be thinking them the loveliest things in all the world."

"You know how it is with poetry. Already you've grown out of some poems and into others, but poetry as a whole you love, just as you did when you used to chant 'James, James, Morrison, Morrison, Weatherby George Dupree' at the age of eight. It's the same with pictures. The only thing is that poetry remains the same no matter how many times it is reprinted, but pictures—they're different. You get only a faint idea of them from printing. To really know them, you have to see them in the original. And it's not very often that you have a chance to see a group like this."

"Why not?" Janet persisted.

"Because, my infant—all right, my wise one, then—we haven't any pictures like this in our town. These are the best in the whole of the United States, and some of them are the best of their kind in the world. They were loaned by special arrangement during the Century of Progress. Ordinarily, to see them you'd have to visit Maine, and California, and Ohio, and Louisiana, and New York, and all the other forty-eight States, see all the museums, have introductions to all the famous private collectors—and even then you might have trouble tracking them all down. There are a thousand pictures here in this exhibition,



MADAME DE RICHEMOND AND HER SON DAVID

so you see it would take some time.

"And if you don't get into that tub," she said, changing her tone, "I shall beat you to the first bath."

It was Janet who got the first bath, and it was Janet who dragged her aunt away from the breakfast table the next morning, and out through the seething hotel lobby.

"If it's pictures I'm to see, I want to see pictures," she announced with a firmness that made Jane laugh, even as the heat outdoors made her gasp.

What they saw that hot September morning was what anyone may see who goes north along Michigan Avenue to a grey building set behind guardian lions. It was only

half-past nine o'clock but the lobby was already crowded. "Look, Jane, there's that girl we saw on the roller coaster; over there, buying a book."

"She's getting a catalogue, and that's the first thing we need," Jane answered. "If I know you, you'll be asking questions I can't answer without one."

THE courteous guard who took their tickets told them where to begin, and how to go. He even took a pencil and drew them a map. The pictures, he said, were hung according to where they were painted and when. The Art Institute did this so that people could see how painting in Europe and America had changed and developed through the course of centuries.

"That doesn't mean you have to look at them that way," Jane whispered as they went upstairs. "The ideal way depends on what kind of a person you are, how much time you have, how much you know about pictures to begin with, and how much you want to know. Pictures are like music, or history. You can spend a lifetime studying them, or you can hold the possibility of them in your mind like a treasure which you turn over every once in a while, finding new loveliness every time. There are as many ways of looking at pictures as there are people who look, and each one thinks his way is best."

Preferring to let Janet get her first sight in her own way, she did not go on to say that most people look at paintings as children look at a picture book, for the subject and the story. Only after much study, do you begin to see that each artist paints a certain kind of thing in a certain way, that he has favorite colors and favorite ways of putting them on canvas. Finally the day comes when artists and periods begin



YOUNG GIRL AT AN OPEN HALF-DOOR

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN

to fall into their proper places, and you wonder how you possibly could have mixed Holbein up with Rembrandt.

JANET was in the picture book stage. These were the first famous paintings she had ever seen, and she went from one to another with little cries of excitement over lovely color and queer detail. She found a fairy tale picture of St. George killing a gorgeous dragon while a little princess in an ermine robe knelt on a cloud and prayed for his success. Everything looked as though it was standing on top of everything else. St. George and his horse on the dragon, the princess right on top of the horse's head, the castle resting almost on the knight.

Jane said they looked that way because the early painters had not yet discovered how to use perspective, and Janet broke in:

"I know about perspective—we had it in school last term. It's when you look down a railroad and the farther away the tracks go, the more they seem to grow together. You can do it on a piece of paper by drawing straight lines that are separate at the bottom of the page and close together at the top. Weren't they sillies not to have known that!"

Jane laughed. "They used it with surprising skill as soon as they discovered it. Some day, when you go to Paris, you'll see a lot of early painting, and you'll find that you can trace almost the exact moment when the shift came. A hundred years after the unknown artist had painted that Saint George, men knew all the tricks of making people look real. Look at that Madonna with her twisted neck over there, and then look at this picture of Catharine Howard."

"Catharine Howard!" Janet bubbled. "Do you mean the one that was one of the wives of Henry the Eighth? I never knew she looked like that. She wasn't pretty, was she, with that long nose? But what a lovely gown, with its gold embroidery and the pearls. She does look like a queen, even if she isn't pretty. Wait till I go back to school, and tell them

I saw a picture of Catharine Howard! It must be awfully old, but see how bright the color is! Who painted it?"

Hans Holbein the Younger was a German, Jane told her, who went to England and became very popular at the court.

Franz Hals, who liked to paint fat, jolly housewives, was a Dutchman. So was Rembrandt, who was perhaps the most famous of them all. He loved shadows, and the contrast between deep brown in the corners and golden shafts of sunlight in the center. In his picture of the *Young Girl at an Open Half-Door* the sunlight shines on part of her face, while shadows lie thick behind her.

"There are no shadows in that picture of Catharine Howard," Jane pointed out. "It is all painted in the same clear light, set against a flat, dark background."

"Look, Jane, how girls dressed in Rembrandt's time! No wind-blown bobs, then. I wonder if they put bones in their waists, the way there are in that basque of Grandmother's. And look at those yards and yards of wool in that skirt. She couldn't possibly have played tennis."

THEY went on through room after room, feasting their eyes, delighting their minds, showing each other details. They noticed that the Italians painted mostly what Janet called "church pictures," Biblical scenes, pictures of the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child. Jane said that in the early days Italian art showed a combination of fervent religious spirit and church control—many of the painters were churchmen, and the Catholic Church bought a great many paintings. In Holland, on the other hand, painters liked the solid things of everyday life instead of angels and saints. In England, in the Nineteenth Century, men turned more and more to landscape and portraits of fashionable people.

In the first French room they found the lovely portrait of Madame Jeanne de Richemond and her curly-headed little son; and Janet, who had bounced from one enthusiasm to another, declared this the most beautiful thing she had ever laid eyes on. She stood looking at the painting a long time.

CATHARINE HOWARD, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

HANS HOLBEIN



"She's so sweet, Jane, and that little boy is such a darling. And look at her curls, and her dress. It looks just like the one I wore at the Napoleon party. Oh, I think I like them best of all, don't you?"

Jane smiled at her. "I did, when I was just about your age. You remember what we were saying last night about pictures going on forever, but your ideas about them changing? Come on a little further, and I'll show you the things I like now."

Reluctantly, Janet moved on past small Corot landscapes; past the peasant pictures of Jean François Millet which had

about the Impressionists—I remember your coming home from school and asking me about them one day. Here are two of the most famous of them, Edouard Manet and Auguste Renoir. Manet was the older, and the leader of the whole group who went by that name. Renoir, who died about 1919, carried Manet's ideas much farther.

LOOK, here is a Manet mother and child (that isn't its name—they call it *The Railroad* in the catalogue.) See how alive it is, and how it seems not to have been posed at all. He doesn't even bother to turn the little girl around,



THE RAILROAD

EDOUARD MANET

been so popular, Jane said, in the World's Fair of 1893; past Cézanne whose name she knew, and whose pictures, with their queer color and black lines, she called "those horrid old things."

In a gallery devoted to Renoir and Manet, her aunt stopped and put an arm around her.

"YOU'RE tired, and so am I," she said, "and we won't go any farther today. We'll leave all the Americans, and the artists that are living now, until tomorrow. We'll even leave Whistler's *Mother*, which is the most famous picture in the show. You've seen it reproduced a dozen times. It is the only one not owned by an American, or an American gallery, and they brought it all the way from the Louvre in Paris.

"We haven't said much about schools of painting, because I wanted you to look at pictures first with your own eyes and from your own point of view. But you've heard

so you never do know what her face looks like. And see the puppy over the woman's arm, just as limp and soft and warm as a real puppy would be if he was that small.

"Here are the two Renoirs I wanted you to see—his *Two Little Circus Girls* first, one of them with her arms full of oranges, and the other holding out her arms to the crowd, hoping they will throw more down to her. You can see that they have just done their turn—perhaps they were swinging on high trapezes—and they are ready to go off the stage.

"This other Renoir, *On the Terrace*, has his favorite red in it—he loved that bright, warm color, and he used to make it give out light of its own by means of some strange technic in putting the paint on canvas. The way painters use paint can be analyzed, but that doesn't mean somebody else can do it. It is a very personal thing, and part of their secret. There is an American artist named William Glackens whose work you will see some (Continued on page 31)

Champion, Do Your Stuff!

FOUR. FIVE. Six. Tony By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

looked hard at her ball which had not yet left the trap. Amid a cluster of sandy

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

hollows, each a stroke mark eloquent of failure, her ball now occupied the deepest. On her left, the bank rose sharply to the smooth turf of the green, where the bamboo pole and little red flag seemed to quiver in mockery. So tantalizingly near and yet so hopelessly far! This trap on the seventeenth, the hole called "Sudden Death," was certainly the worst on the course, and probably the worst in the world. But Tony Hale was a philosopher.

"I will give you one more chance," she told her ball huskily. And she swung her niblick again with all her might.

A cloud of dust and sand enveloped her. Coughing, she rubbed her eyes. The ball had disappeared.

"Mind if I play through?" came a cool voice.

Tony waved her club in acquiescence, then bent down to burrow furtively with the blade. She must have driven that ball clean out of sight, she decided. Hopeless. She would never learn to play these diabolical hazards at White Brook. She hadn't reached the finals of the State Junior; all that

must be just a big purple dream. Or if she had, it was disgraceful luck, and she had better take her clubs back home

to Merry Vale before anyone—

A ball bounced on the green, and she looked up to watch it roll gently, unerringly, to within a yard of the cup. Her heart warmed to that masterly shot. Footsteps rang on the plank bridge from the fairway, and Tony's eyes widened as a lithe figure in immaculate white moved across the green. No wonder—Sydney Lincoln, in person! Tony became aware of her own faded sweater, her scrubby shoes, her mussed hair—worst of all, of her position in that abominable trap.

BEFORE brushing her ball into the cup, the champion turned graciously. "Nice of you," she smiled. "I'll hurry."

"S all right." Tony felt she positively mumbled. Why couldn't the woman go?

"Practicing for tomorrow?"

"I can't get the hang of this beastly trap," the girl con-



SEVERAL HUNDRED SPECTATORS HAD TO WAIT WHILE SOMEBODY FOUND THE CHALLENGER—PLAYING CHESS WITH HER FATHER!

fessed. "The bank's too steep for a clean shot, but if you play under the ball——"

"Why do either?" Sydney Lincoln asked serenely. "Why not plan to keep away from traps? That's my policy."

Tony shook her tousled head. "That may work—with you," she said humbly.

"It does. Often I leave my niblick in the locker. Then, you see, I simply have to go straight."

At this amazing confidence, Tony stood speechless.

"By the way," the other went on, "aren't you Antoinette Hale? I thought so." She smiled again. "See you tomorrow then. Good luck! But, my dear girl, you'll never win tournaments playing out of traps." She took her stance quickly, and without any effort sank the putt. "Never."

Wretchedly, Tony went on burrowing in the sand.

"Here's a ball in the cup," Miss Lincoln announced lightly. "One of yours, maybe?"

Tony's face was a picture. "One of—why—I—you bet it's mine! Listen, Miss Lincoln, I must have played that ball out of this trap right into the hole! I was standing right here—the sand blinded me. The shot felt right, and I couldn't understand—"

HOW nice!" the champion commented, courteously skeptical. She tossed Tony's ball over to her. "A very lucky break, very lucky. Shall we play along together?"

"No, thank you!" It was almost a shout. Tony's jaw was set, she was trembling with excitement. "I'm going to—practice some more."

Sydney Lincoln stared, smiled, shrugged, and moved away. "Oh, very well."

Standing there, Tony addressed her ball. "Ball, do your stuff," she said.

The sun was low when at last she trudged up the eighteenth fairway to the clubhouse. On the terrace, her father was apparently absorbed in a book, but she suspected that he had ceased reading the same paragraph over and over, only to follow her covertly with his eye since first she had come into view. He was that sort of father. He had pushed business right and left in order to come on here with her for the tournament. By his own admission the world's worst golfer, as a coach, trainer, and cheering section he stood without a peer. Without him, Tony realized, she would never have reached the finals. With him she didn't care—much—if she lost. To the casual eye, he was an ordinary sort of man—slight, his hair thinning on top, with a solemn eagerness behind his thick spectacles. But he bulked big to Tony.

She leaned her clubs against the stone coping and slumped into a chair at his side. Shadows were creeping across the eighteenth green, and the distant hills were hazy violet. Suddenly she was tired. It had been, after all, a hard day.



"GOOD LUCK! BUT YOU'LL NEVER WIN TOURNAMENTS PLAYING OUT OF TRAPS"

"How'd it go?" he asked, as casually as possible.

"Not too well." She told him of her meeting with Sydney Lincoln. "After she left, I tried for one solid hour and couldn't do it again. Foolish to try, I suppose. She didn't say so, of course. But you could tell. Dad," Tony said abruptly, "why am I playing in this fool tournament?"

FOR three reasons, all sound," he announced, so quickly that it seemed as if he had memorized them. "First, because you love the game. Second, to prove that an unknown girl from the sticks can hold her own against some of these big shots the papers are always raving about. And third, because when you win this tournament there will be no doubt about our getting the municipal course, out in Merry Vale, that we've needed for years." He sat back and polished his spectacles furiously. That answer, he felt, was conclusive.

"When I win," she echoed, a shade bitterly. "You mean if!"

"I said 'when'."

YOU haven't seen the Lincoln play. You don't realize what an enormous advantage her reputation gives her. In that crowd tomorrow there won't be one person who gives me a chance, a thought, a breath. It'll be just how well will the champion do? How brutal a lead will she pile up? How low will her medal be? How early will she end the match? Me! I'm going along just as a necessary side issue."

John Hale shut his book with a snap. "That's no advantage to her. And it's a disadvantage to you, only if you think about it. There will be two persons who will know you are going to play the best golf in you," he insisted calmly. "You and I."

She patted his hand, her eyes troubled. "You know what the Lincoln said? She said I ought to leave my niblick in the locker to make myself keep out of traps. That's what she does sometimes. She said I'd never win tournaments playing out of traps. I feel she must be wrong, yet—look at her. She must be right! And I'm scared to death of traps."

"She's both. One man's meat is another's poison. Let her leave all her clubs behind if she likes, and kick the ball around. You play your own game. In traps or out, I'm backing you."

Her face had cleared. "Listen, Dad, I wish you had seen that shot. I—I felt like a champion. It takes the real stuff to play a shot like that. Why—"

"O. K.," he said briskly. He rose, picked up her clubs. "Now then. Shower, steak, one game of chess which you will lose gloriously, and bed. Alley-oops!"

"Correct, except read 'win' for 'lose,'" she laughed, and alley-oopsed.

Following the girl, Hale's eyes went abruptly sober and he sighed with mingled relief and anxiety. Certain matters concerning daughters are known only to bald-headed fathers.

But the shower was hot-to-cold, the steak was rare, the game of chess was a glorious draw, and by nine-thirty Tony was blissfully playing her knights and bishops out of traps on to checkered greens. Under the shaded lamp in the next room, her father sat with his book open on his knees. He had not been, he acknowledged, quite honest with Tony. There was a reason for her playing in this tournament that he had not mentioned, and he wondered if it was a good reason. He loved golf. He had never played it well. Having a champion for a daughter was next best to being one yourself. Still, he wondered if the reward was worth the long grind, the inevitable moods slipping from exultation to despair, the upstaging of the club management, the toadying of newspapermen, and the hard bright smiles of famous players—in short, the whole grim racket of tournament

play. Almost, as he listened anxiously to Tony's childlike breathing on that night before her final match—almost he would have preferred to pack up, go home, default. For he was afraid. Not that she would lose. But that, winning or losing, she would change; that with all this ballyhoo she would become somebody different from the simple, wholehearted little philosopher that he loved. No prize, not even a public course for Merry Vale, would make up for such a loss.

The man's lips moved. "Look here," he addressed the white printed page, "if I was wrong, don't take it out on her. Keep her the same. Will you, please?"

In the morning all fears had fled. It was, in the first place, a remarkable day—bright and cool, yet windless. In the second, Tony had obviously slept well. One look at her fresh skin, her clear eyes, her quiet poise told that. And in the third place, an episode at breakfast, regrettable to say the least, left her smiling as calmly as if she had not seen and heard it.

Sydney Lincoln came in late with a party of friends, and took an adjacent table. There was a good deal of noise and laughter; the happy group had no eyes or ears for the rest of the room. In a pause, reply-

ing to a bantering question, the champion said, too clearly, "For all I know she's still trying to get out of that trap on the seventeenth." And a moment later: "Yes, I'll be with you at twelve. Have the car ready."

Somebody said "Sh!" and there was a taut silence. The match was scheduled for ten o'clock. It would be impossible for Sydney Lincoln to play the full eighteen holes, bathe, change, and be ready to leave with her friends by noon. The implication was obvious—she expected to win without effort, on the outward nine. Her ignorance of Tony's presence was no excuse. It was a shabby speech. John Hale had flushed to the roots of his thinning hair.

And then Tony remarked with cool unconcern, "You know, Dad, I've been thinking. If you'd played your queen to the rook square that time, instead of the knight, you'd have had me on toast last night." (Continued on page 42)



CANDOR

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

What do you want from the squirrels and birds?
To borrow their downright words!

Red squirrel is furious and honest about it.
He is willing to shout it
Against the laughter of leaves that may doubt it.

And wild honey hid in the oak-tree's hollow
Is not more mellow
Than the rich deliberate talk of the thrush.
When the squirrel has gone and the wind says hush,
With the sunlight dripping all honey-yellow
From leaf to leaf, there are things to be said,
So the brown bird says them—a word—a phrase—
And more to follow.

Always
There's clear cool candor, whatever the mood,
In the deep of the wood.

The Room on the Roof

Beginning a new serial in which a Mid-Western girl goes to New York and is caught in a whirl of mystery—By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

AND HOW'S Joan?" said Aunt Gus, picking out a delicious little soft molasses cake made from a recipe famous in her mother's old home.

"Oh, Gussie," her sister returned sadly, "Joan's breaking my heart. I simply cannot understand her nowadays!"

"For goodness sake!" Aunt Gus murmured.

Her voice was sympathetic, but her eyes were fixed on the old blue-and-white cake dish, which had stood on the painted iron tea tray when she and Joan's mother were no older than Joan today. Almond loaf cake, too! And there was Koko, the red and green parrot, in his cage in the window, ready to croak, "Take your umbrella, Gussie!" just as in her school days; and there was the big square aquarium, where she had fished with a pin when she was little; and there was the comfortable old sofa where Grandma Brathwayte used to tell them stories.

"Isn't it lovely to find everything just the same!" she cried. "Oh, Grace, I'm so glad to be here!"

"And I'm so glad to have you, Gus! Yes, we've kept everything just the same—it's funny how I find myself doing everything Mother's way: pickled peaches and the Thursday Club and the Christmas tree, and I'm secretary on the hospital board, just as she was! Grandmother used to be treasurer, you know."

"Good enough, Gracie! Don't I remember turning the ice cream freezer hospital meeting mornings! I suppose Joan will be president of the board, when her turn comes."

"I'm afraid not," said Mrs. Brathwayte coldly. "Joan's not interested in Ladies' Auxiliaries. If she wanted to work in a hospital, she says, she'd get a paid job in one."

"Oh, well, Gay"—how natural the old name sounded!—"that's the way the girls feel now, you know. My Grace has a job in a publishing house all picked out—has had since Junior year. She's going right into it a week after her commencement."

"That's all very well,—I don't mind their getting jobs. It's not that."

"Well, then, what is it? Don't tell me Joan's engaged? That

Illustrations by Harvé Stein

PART I

certainly would be rushing things—she's not eighteen yet, is she—not until March?"

"Good gracious, no! No, Joan's been no trouble that way. She's popular enough, and I'm glad of it—a girl gets so self-conscious and always showing off if she isn't, I always think—but she's very sensible, so far as that goes."

"You don't mean to tell me you're getting all wrought up because Joan's picked out some crazy thing to do after she graduates? She'll get over it by that time. College knocks a lot of that nonsense out of them—you'll see."

"But that's just what I won't see," Mrs. Brathwayte answered her sister sharply.

"Joan isn't going to college!"

Aunt Gus put down her teacup, and stared.

"Not going to Smith? Joan? Why—why, we all did!" she cried. "Mother and you and I and little Grace. Why, what's the matter with her, Gay?"

THAT'S just what I'd like to know," said Mrs. Brathwayte briefly.

"But I thought she'd passed all her Boards?"

"So she has. Every one. And very well, too," Joan's mother answered proudly. "She said she just wanted to show she could, if she cared to—but she didn't care to!"

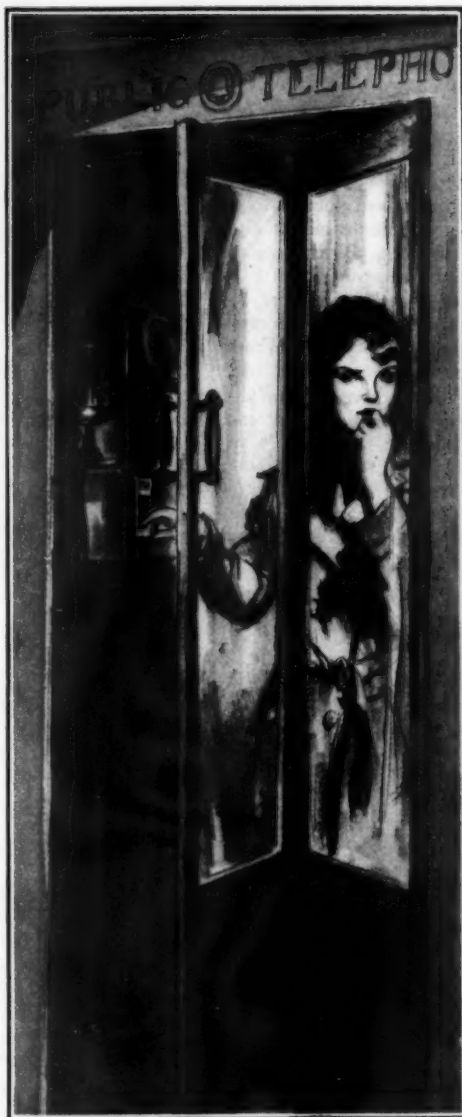
"Well! How—how *funny* of her!" Aunt Gus commented helplessly. "What does she want to do?"

"She wants to get a job, if you please," Mrs. Brathwayte answered.

"But how can she? A job at what? She's had no training!"

"The trouble is she *has* had some training, Gussie. She knows typing and shorthand. She did it last summer and this summer at the business school here! 'Gustus' wanted to take his lectures better, and she did it with him. They earned the money, too, every cent of it. 'Gustus' got the life saving job at the lake afternoons, and Joan drove for the district nurse. The nurse had strained her arm and driving hurt her. I thought it was pretty spunky of them at the time!"

"I think it was now!" said Aunt Gus honestly. "I certainly do, Gay. But all the same, it's a



"THEN—THEN, WHAT SHALL I DO?" SHE WHISPERED

great pity. My godson hasn't given up going to college, too, by any chance, has he?"

"I should say not. 'Gustus is a sophomore now. He got a scholarship, you know. But of course it's a tight squeeze, even with that—it doesn't cover all expenses. And we've scrimped and pared, and given up going away summers, and just kept old Katy and a woman in for washing. I'm good at making things over, thank goodness, and the children know I'd go without shoes for their education—we've always felt it was the most important thing—"

"I know, Gay, I know!"

THE sisters took hands and remembered their happy, hard-won college days.

"There's Joan now! You talk to her, won't you?"

"Hello, Aunt Gus! How'd you get here? I dashed over to the station while my boss was making a call, and the train was in, but you weren't there!"

"That was mighty sweet of you, Joan dear. Come and give me a kiss. I walked up. I sort of wanted to look around the old town. Goodness, but you've grown—you're a lot taller than my Grace!"

Joan could easily have passed for two more than her seventeen years. Her brown eyes and brown hair and clear, fresh color, together with her frank, pleasant smile were enough to have put her into the "handsome" class, with just the right clothes and a carefully planned hair dressing. But her blue sports dress was not particularly becoming, her thick hair was drawn carelessly off her really fine forehead, and her strong chin gave her a rather serious, obstinate expression, until that pleasant smile softened and lighted it.

"Would you and Auntie like a little drive before dinner, Mother?" she asked. "The boss doesn't need me any more to-day, but she said if I wanted to run over to the lake and fill out the school certificates there, I could take the car. I thought Auntie Gus might like to see our grand new lake and the beach umbrellas and the bungalows. We could bring 'Gustus home, too."

"Why, that's very nice, Joany," Mrs. Brathwayte began uncertainly, "but—no—I promised Katy I'd make the peach shortcake myself. Mother's old recipe, Gus! Why don't you take Auntie, dear? And I cannot see, Joan, why you will persist in calling Miss Engstrom your 'boss'! It's too absurd—the district nurse!"

"I call her my boss because she pays me," Joan returned calmly. "Why shouldn't I? If you heard her hand out my orders for the day, Mother, you'd think she was my boss, all right! Want a ride, Auntie?"

"I think it would be fun," said Aunt Gus promptly. "When I imagine that little pond hole turned into a lake with beach parasols, it makes me realize that it's seven years since I came home last!"

Joan started the shining little car, threw over the wheel and twisted skillfully between a coal cart and a moving van. "How well you drive," her passenger remarked appreciatively.

"Gustus taught me years ago," said Joan. "You have to learn young, I think. How is Grace? Still at college?"

"Yes. This will be her last year. She has a job all ready next July. She says she's lucky to have a chance to work."



JOAN STOOD BY HER SUITCASE FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, HARDLY WORRIED AT ALL, EVIDENTLY

"Fine," said Joan briefly. "Wish I had!"

"Don't you think you might get a better job, dear, if you had college first? More choice, I mean?"

They were bowling down a long, winding avenue lined with fine shade trees. The continued drought had yellowed and browned the fallen leaves, and the blue sky—the sky of late August—was more like warm autumn than hot summer.

"I see Mother has had it out with you already," Joan answered.

"But it's such an opportunity, my dear! When you think of the girls that would give their—oh, anything in the world—for the chance——"

THAT'S all right. Let *them* go. I wouldn't, that's all. I've been to school long enough. I want to get busy!"

Aunt Gus looked sidewise at the strong chin and the firm lips behind the wheel.

"What would you like to do, Joan?" she asked with real interest and curiosity.

"I don't much care. But if I work from nine to five,



I want to get paid for it, and go on doing better all the time until I'm worth more," Joan answered promptly. "I want to be a help to Mother and not an expense. It's going to be hard enough, getting 'Gustus through Harvard, and he ought to go through."

"Oh, you think *he* ought to?"

"Certainly I do. He's crazy mad to, to begin with. He's a born student. He wants to be a teacher. Why, Aunt Gus, that boy would like to go on studying until his hair was gray! He loves it. But we simply can't afford two such sets of bills for the next four years, and Mother knows it."

"But if she's willing to sell a bond, dear, and call it an investment in education——"

"Investment in bunk!"

Joan's chin was rigid. "It would be plain bad business, Aunt Gus. Can't Mother see everybody isn't alike?"

Aunt Gus stared thoughtfully at the roadside, open country now, with scattered white farmhouses and thick orchards.

"We used to bicycle out here for picnics," she said softly. "I can taste Mother's potted tongue sandwich rolls now! Why, Joan, child, I must say I see what you mean, *if you really mean it!* Only you're awfully young to be so sure."

If you wanted to study art, now, or music, or if you had a talent for sculpture, say, I can see that you'd want to get right at it, and you ought to be allowed to. But it isn't as if you——"

"Then just because I'm not a young genius, I ought to keep on going to school! I must say, Auntie, I don't get it."

Behind a fringe of white birches the new lake flashed red in the setting sun; the gay parasols and painted tables brought an appreciative chuckle from Aunt Gus.

"Well, well, well," she said. "I wish your granny could have seen this! I can't believe it! Do we get out here?"

"You do," Joan answered, "and see if you know 'Gustus—he's around somewhere. I'll come back in half an hour or so. I suppose you think I'm an obstinate pig, Auntie?" she added shyly.

"I think you're obstinate, but I don't think you're a pig," said Aunt Gus. "Maybe your mother and I didn't quite understand. I'm beginning to see what you mean, Joan!"

For the next few days Aunt Gus saw little of Joan, whose mornings were spent at the business school, while her driving took up the afternoons. Visits to old friends, lunch parties, bridge parties and tea parties claimed the visitor, and Joan and 'Gustus were out most evenings. The pleasure of her sister's company was too great for Mrs. Brathwayte to cloud it by harping on her dissatisfaction, but Aunt Gus knew that her influence was counted on in the only direction the anxious mother viewed as possible. And so on a rainy evening when they sat alone in the old sitting room, Koko shrouded for the night in a bright Indian shawl, the shaded lights falling on book bindings and picture frames and quaint old bits of china, every one of which she remembered lovingly, she spoke her mind.

MRS. BRATHWAYTE had confided her plan for persuading Joan to go up to college on a visit with a classmate who was as eager for her freshman year as Joan was determined to escape it, and Aunt Gus, who had listened in silence, suddenly spoke.

"Gay," she said, "you're on the wrong tack. That wouldn't work, and I doubt if Joan would go, anyway. You know, I think I understand this business now—I really do."

"I'm glad if somebody does," answered Mrs. Brathwayte rather coldly.

"It sounds funny," her sister went on composedly, "but I believe the reason Joan hates the idea of college is just *because* of Mother! And you and me. And little Grace. She wants to do something we didn't do!"

Mrs. Brathwayte stared at her.

"You know, dear," Aunt Gus continued gently, "we were so proud of Mother, and it *was* pretty wonderful for those days, and Joan's heard a lot about it. Then, when it came to our time, going to college was still a pretty clever thing to do, and we got a lot of credit for it. Now it's entirely different, of course. Lots of girls go, who haven't anything like our reasons for going. It's just the thing to do."

"But every girl in Joan's class in high school is going!"

Mrs. Brathwayte wailed.

"That's just what I say,"



THEY WERE BOWLING DOWN AN AVENUE LINED WITH FINE SHADE TREES. "I SEE MOTHER HAS HAD IT OUT WITH YOU ALREADY," JOAN ANSWERED

Aunt Gus explained. "Gay, I think Joan is like Mother. She certainly looks like her picture at that age. You know her mother had to fight to get to college. She's often told us. And how Grandma Prescott tried to prevent her? Well, Joan feels just like that. She wants to strike out for her kind of training, that's all! She wants to be original, too!"

"If you think I'd let that child go to New York——"

"Well, now, listen," said Aunt Gus persuasively. "If you were perfectly satisfied that she'd be well looked after——"

They talked long and late, and Joan, lying restless in her room over the veranda, scowled at the low, steady murmur.

"I won't go! I won't go! They can't make me!" she muttered as she fell asleep.

Aunt Gus was anxious to see the district nursing headquarters, and her niece showed off the little plant with real pride, the following afternoon, in the absence of the nurse.

"And here are all the case reports," she explained, "and the card catalogues. I've been doing a lot of that, too, while Miss Engstrom's arm's so bad."

Aunt Gus shot a quick glance at her.

"Oh, really?" she said with interest. "Then you're getting quite a lot of experience, aren't you?"

"Why, yes, if you want to call it that," Joan agreed carelessly. "But none that I'm likely ever to use, worse luck!"

"You never can tell," Aunt Gus commented. And it was just three hours later, sitting opposite her young hostess under a crimson umbrella—for Joan had begged for the honor of her company at tea out at the lake, after her final bout with the health certificates of the scattered school children—that they embarked on the conversation which opened the door to one of the strangest adventures a girl ever had.

"Seeing all those report cards," Aunt Gus remarked, nibbling at her cinnamon toast, "reminds me of a classmate of mine. She gave us a talk on her work at reunion in June—most interesting."

"Oh," said Joan noncommittally. Any reference to college always put her on the defensive.

"Yes," Aunt Gus went on. "She's a doctor herself, a specialist in children's diseases, and she is head of some department or other in the East Side Hospital. They weigh the children, and measure them, and all that."

"I've been helping Miss Engstrom with that, too, a little," Joan volunteered, her interest caught at last.

"Well, well! That is curious," Aunt Gus replied. "Anyhow, my classmate said that her work was growing so fast

that she'd need a secretary this autumn. She told us if any of us had a daughter that wanted to break in and had enough interest and training—to drop her a note around Labor Day after her vacation——"

"Oh, Aunt Gus!" Joan's face was red as the parasol above it; the spoon dropped from her fingers and rattled in her saucer.

"Aunt! You don't mean——Oh, could I? Could I?"

"I don't see why not. Unless, of course, she's found somebody," Aunt Gus answered. "You seem to fit right in, it looks to me."

"I'll never forget this as long as I live," said Joan solemnly, dropping her cinnamon toast on the ground and seizing her aunt's hand in a violent clutch that crushed her fingers. "And all the while I thought you were against me!"

"No, on the whole I'm for you," said Aunt Gus, rescuing her hand and rubbing it under the table. "I'll telegraph Dr. Becker tonight if you like."

Joan let out a deep sigh of excitement.

"Of course," her aunt went on, "I shouldn't have dared mention it, if it wasn't for Katrine's being in New York. Except for that, your mother never would have consented. You couldn't expect her to."

"Katrine?" Joan repeated, scowling and sheering off unconsciously. "Who's Katrine?"

"You wouldn't remember her, I suppose. Perhaps 'Gustus might,'" Aunt Gus explained. "It was when I first came on from California, and Gracie and Prescott were quite little. Katrine was their nurse then. She remembers you—she says so. You were just beginning to talk. You called her 'Reena'! Well, she left us, of course, long ago, and came back East and got a place as attendant to an invalid. She got to like it and never went back to children again. Ever since I came East last—seven years ago—she's been with the same lady, a nervous invalid."

"Well, but—I mean, I can take care of—oh, well, go on!" Joan burst out.

"I'm going on, dear. I looked Katrine up, when I was in New York, and the poor woman was feeling pretty cross and disappointed. It seems that her lady—Miss Richards, her name is—had always promised that they'd spend a winter abroad. A few weeks ago she had the luck to sublet her apartment—she was terribly particular about tenants—and they were just about to sail, when the tenants suddenly went back on them, broke the lease, and left Miss Richards high and dry. At first she felt (Continued on page 34)

REASONS

For a Daughter

When you were little and some simple matter
Amazed you, there were facts I could announce,
As—that a fire would burn you, rain bespatter—
In jungles, a tiger pounce!
But even then nature's serene malfeasance
As simple fact must be allowed to stand,
For even then I could not give you reasons
Told like bright pennies into your small brown hand.

You will be searching all your life for reasons,
My humorous child, my lovely and dear,
Until your hair is frosted by the seasons
And your brown eyes less clear
And candid, and less ready with their twinkling;
And now and then—God grant through happiness!—

Of some strange pattern you may gain an inkling,
And reasons more or less.

The world is full of reasons, mostly specious,
But, ah, the ultimate Why,
As it eluded Lucretius and Helvetius
Will elude you till you die,
And most philosophers, however mordant,
Will rather less than stars requite—
For even our griefs grow somewhat less important
Gazing on stars at night.

Why this or that is done, with full explaining,
You will be interminably told—just why!
But hearken then for incredulous laughter raining
From a region behind the sky!
And bear through years that will bring quick
joy, keen pain to you,
Your warmth and wit, kindness and scorn of
sham;
And please don't ask me to try to begin to explain to you
Why I—am as I am!

William Rose Benét

Behind the Shop Window

By

JEANETTE EATON



Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

IF YOU have ever thought of going into department store work, you will be interested in this true incident, told me by the personnel director of a large department store in New York City.

One morning last spring, she looked up to find a girl she'd never seen before standing in the doorway of her office. A personnel director, you know, is not only in charge of adjusting situations and of promoting individuals within the organization, but of engaging new people. Consequently she is too busy to see candidates without previous appointment. But on that particular day a cog in the system must have slipped, for the unannounced applicant was there on the threshold.

One glance told the personnel director that the girl was exceedingly nervous. So in a gentle voice she invited her to come and sit down, and asked, "Did you wish to see me about a position?"

For an instant the newcomer twisted her handkerchief in silence. Then with a great effort she burst out, "Well, I've decided I'll be a buyer for your store, and I thought I'd find out just when you would send me to Europe."

Perhaps you can realize what the personnel director thought of such an opening for an interview. There are two thousand workers in the store I am talking about, and the majority of them are either in sales positions, or in positions leading toward selling. Remember that the job of buyer is the place of advancement to which every saleswoman looks forward; and that, of all the buyers in a store, few are considered sufficiently experienced to spend the Company's money in Europe. With all these points in mind, you can see how preposterous was that girl's expectation.

Never having worked in a store, knowing nothing about merchandising, let alone selling, she yet believed she could obtain immediately the

most exceptional and responsible position open to the sales force. It was much as if a girl who had never studied the piano were to walk up to a concert manager and say calmly, "I have decided to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata at your symphony orchestra concert next week."

Some such image sprang into the mind of the personnel director. But with her instinctive sympathy with youth, she said quietly, "It is true that there is a chance for you to become a buyer some day, but it is a long road."

Forthwith, the executive outlined the steps toward the goal. She said most girls started as messengers, checkers, or stock girls. After they had been promoted to selling on the floor, they remained at that work for years before being advanced to the position of assistant buyer. The final step, if opportunity offered, was to be made buyer of a department.

"You see," concluded the personnel director, "because enormous sums of money are involved, no girl is trusted to invest in merchandise, unless she has shown that she possesses the qualifications for such responsibility."

Every girl facing her future can profit by analyzing this incident. It illustrates how essential it is to judge both the field of work and individual adaptation to it.

ONE of the most experienced directors of employment and personnel work in the country, interviewed for this article, had this to say about the attitude of mind in which a girl should apply for work in a department store:

"Naturally young people think first of their own fate, and naturally they want to be sure they are going to get the cream from whatever situation they are in. Consequently, they begin by fearing the store may not be fair to them. But I believe they should approach the job in a different spirit. The candidate who says, 'Here is what I have, can you use it? Will you let me demonstrate my ability?' starts off on the right foot."



One woman who has reached the highest peak in the department store world was asked where she would start, if she were beginning her career again. She promptly said, "I'd like to start as elevator girl and prove that I was so polite, alert, and interested in the merchandise displays on each floor that I'd be noticed and given a chance at something better."

SO much for attitude! Now as to estimating your own individual assets in relation to this type of occupation. Every authority agrees that you must honestly answer three questions. *First:* Is your health above average, and can you stand long hours on your feet and endure the strain of the business rush? *Second:* Do you like people? Remember, however, in answering that, to discount shyness, for that can be overcome. *Third:* Are you going into department store work as a career, something to stand by through thick and thin?

With this question, we touch on the other side of the problem. For, of course, you want to know whether department store work is in itself a good occupation. It isn't a good one at all for young women who look upon work as a stop-gap between school and marriage—for the real rewards in this field are only accorded after long apprenticeship. Moreover, it pays too little at first, and it is to the last degree strenuous.

On the other hand, the girl who wants to work out a business career finds excellent opportunities in a department store. In the first

place, that organization has no prejudice against women workers. The woman who enters law, or banking, or medicine still has to

encounter prejudice against her sex and, in order to succeed, must be better trained, cleverer, and more adept at some specialty than is the average man. But selling is considered a woman's legitimate field, and at least two-thirds of the positions in a department store are filled by women. Moreover, youth is an asset here and very young people are accepted for training.


In the second place, although promotions come slowly, they do come. "Even this spring, when our volume of sales has been less than used to be the case," said one employment manager of a large store, "I have had twenty-six positions of assistant buyer to fill. Practically all of these positions were filled by advancing sales girls who had made good on the job. This fact proves that there is a certain normal change and movement in department store work which gives opportunity for more responsible positions and higher salaries."

Unlike many another type of business, the large store is usually the best type in which to enter. During the last twenty-five years, the work of personnel and of training has been so highly developed that a close watch is kept on every worker—even when the number mounts into the thousands. No girl need be afraid of being forgotten in an organization which has a personnel department. There is sufficient diversity, also, to permit diverse shifts, and a girl who is unhappy at the stocking counter may find herself in the millinery department.

SELLING is a lively business. There is drama, excitement, human interest in it. Moreover, nowadays it affords excellent training. A young person can find out a great deal about the world she lives in from standing behind a counter, and she can profit in diverse ways from learning systematic methods. The more she brings to her job, the more fascinating she finds it, and the further she will advance in it. For this reason, the college girl has an advantage over the worker who has had less education.

You probably know that in the last ten years many college women have gone into department store work. They had to overcome a certain amount of prejudice because their co-workers were apt to consider them "smart-alecs." And often they were. But because they did go into the mercantile field, many new positions have been created which help the store run better, and give women all sorts of new opportunities. Personnel work is a good illustration of such recent development in modern department stores.

Dorothy Poor, Associate Personnel Director of Antioch College, says in an article on retailing as a field for college women: "Today college women are welcomed, and even sought after, by the more progressive stores everywhere. With the change in attitude toward store work, we have acquired a new vocabulary. The shop girl, or clerk, has become a saleswoman, and in the simple change of title has found new dignity." (Continued on page 39)



SELLING IS LIVELY BUSINESS. THERE IS DRAMA, EXCITEMENT, HUMAN INTEREST IN IT. A YOUNG PERSON CAN FIND OUT A GREAT DEAL FROM STANDING BEHIND A COUNTER

FATHER CONTRIBUTED AN
OLD PAIR OF SLIPPERS
FOR THE VISITOR TO CHEW



Part-time Dog

By

DIANA THORNE

Illustrations by
the author

AS MYRA SEYMOUR walked briskly down the street on her way home from the public library, she became conscious that something was following her.

She turned sharply. Something was indeed following her—a mischievous-looking, smiling, wire-haired fox terrier!

For a moment Myra stood admiring the dog. He was one of the smartest-looking terriers she had ever seen, almost a show specimen. A leash dangled from his collar. He was apparently lost, or perhaps he had run away.

Myra held out her hand. The dog came, sniffing eagerly. "Are you lost?" she demanded. "Don't you know you shouldn't be wandering about the streets by yourself? Somebody might steal you!"

The dog looked up into her face, wagging his tail gingerly. Myra laughed.

"Quite pleased with yourself, aren't you?"

She bent down to examine his collar. Perhaps she might find the name of the owner. Yes, there it was—"Miss Ellen Warren, Greenacres, Connecticut."

"You've come a long way from home, haven't you, boy?" she continued. "What's your name? Never mind, we'll call you 'Terry' for the time, and I think you'd better come home with me before some wicked man steals you."

She picked up the leash and Terry wagged cheerfully in agreement. Such a small tail to do so much vigorous wagging, thought Myra! The dog didn't seem to mind in the least being lost. On the contrary, he was in high spirits, stopping frequently to investigate scents, trotting beside her with his ears cocked at a joyous angle.

When they reached the Seymours' home, a sudden doubt seized Myra. How was she going to face the family with a strange dog? What would Father say? And Mother? Should she have given Terry to a policeman, instead of bringing him home? Ever since the death of their own Airedale under the wheels of a careless driver, the family had agreed that they would never have another dog in the city, for their house had no backyard where he could run.

A look at Terry decided her. He seemed ready for anything.

"Come on in," she said, her courage returning. "We'll face the music together."

She tied the dog in the hall. "Be quiet, Terry. Don't you dare bark," she whispered, as she opened the door into the living-room.

Everyone was at home, which was difficult—it would have been easier to tackle the family one by one. Myra sat down rather nervously opposite her father.

"Why so shy?" he asked, looking up from his paper.

"Sis looks like a cat that's swallowed a good-sized canary," her brother Dick remarked with a chuckle. "I'll bet she's been up to something. What's in the wind, Sister?"

Myra opened her mouth to speak, but her mother saved

her the trouble by leading Terry into the room. Somebody would find him and bring him in at the wrong moment, the girl reflected.

Terry wagged a cheery greeting at the family. Like all dogs, he made up his mind instantly concerning human beings, and it was clear that this group had his approval.

"What a peach!" cried Dick, the first to break the silence. "Never saw a better-looking wire in my life! Come here, old boy!"

"What have you been doing, Myra?" her father said sternly. "Buying a new dog? I thought we had agreed that there are to be no more dogs as long as we live in town?"

"Isn't he sweet!" cried Myra's younger sister, Bess. Her eyes sparkled with delight.

I WILL *not* have another dog in the city!" This from Mother. When she spoke in that tone, it usually meant that there was no use coaxing for anything.

"I found him," Myra explained. "The owner's name is on the collar. I thought we might get in touch with her. She'd be sorry to lose him."

"Gee, that's too bad," Dick said. "I hate to give up anything I find. Especially a smart dog like this. *Must* Myra give him back, Mum? Can't we keep him? I like him a lot."

"I wish he could stay with us! We could play together,"

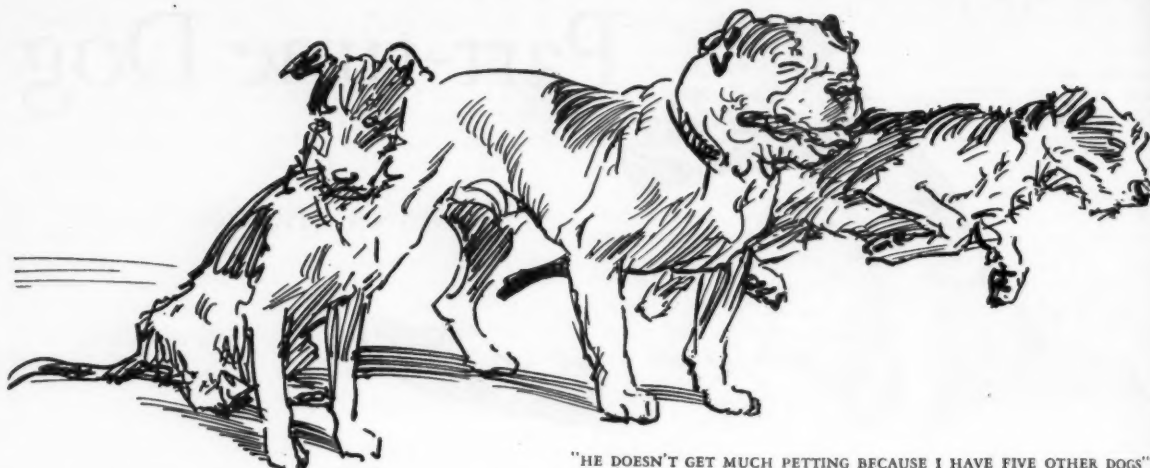
cried Bess. Terry walked up to her, and thrust his muzzle into her lap. He looked up into her face, and his tail wagged vigorously.

"You'd better telephone the owner, Robert," Mrs. Seymour said, but her tone had lost its finality.

"After supper will do, my dear," Mr. Seymour returned genially. "Let's get acquainted with the young



HE RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS
HAUNCHES FOR HIS REWARD



"HE DOESN'T GET MUCH PETTING BECAUSE I HAVE FIVE OTHER DOGS"

rascal in the meantime. He's an amusing little fellow."

"Very well," Mother agreed. "But really, Rob, we can't have another dog here. A dog in the city is a bother to everybody—and it's hard on the dog, too. The country's a different matter—they have room to run there." She went into the kitchen and the group gathered around Terry examining and admiring him.

"I'll say this for him," Dick said, with an air of authority, "he's a fine specimen. Must have cost a lot of money."

Terry seemed to feel that he was on exhibition. Like a true actor who never disappoints his audience, he behaved well. He grinned, wagged his tail, made little rushes at each one. Then he cocked his head. "No," he seemed to be saying, "this won't do—old tricks. I must put on a new act!" Looking around, his eyes fell on Bess's Indian rag doll. He walked over to the doll, picked it up and carried it to the middle of the floor, where he laid it down with dignity. Then, stepping back a few paces, he advanced on it with low growls, as if urging an enemy to fight.

"That dog could act in the movies! We could all retire if we got him signed up!" laughed Dick.

"I say, Mary, do come and see this rascal in action!" Father raised his voice. "He's giving a stage performance."

MOTHER came, none too eagerly, but when she saw Terry who was warming up to his part, she was forced to smile.

"He is cute," she admitted.

Myra sprang upon her and embraced her wildly. "Mother darling," she cried happily, "I knew you would adore him. He's such an absolute peach. Don't you wish he was ours?"

"Come here, Terry," coaxed young Bess, holding out a

morsel of cake she had brought from the kitchen. "Come here and beg, like a good boy. Do you like cake, Terry?"

Terry looked up from his activities. Seeing Bess's hand in the air, he raised himself on his haunches to reach for his reward. His nose quivered comically as he did this, and again his pose captivated his audience.

I BET I could teach him to chase rabbits on Uncle Dan's farm," exclaimed Dick.

"The next dog we buy will be a wire-haired," announced Father, who always anticipated his family's desires.

"We don't want another dog," cried Bess. "We want this one!"

"But we can't have him, dear," gently reminded Mother. "He belongs to somebody else, and we must give him back."

"Mother's right," sighed Myra. "The owner would be heartbroken if she didn't get Terry back. She probably loves him more even than we do. Anyway, we couldn't keep him—it would be dishonest."

"Well, it's late today. She'll probably come for him tomorrow," said Dick. "Mind if I take him out for a stroll tonight?"

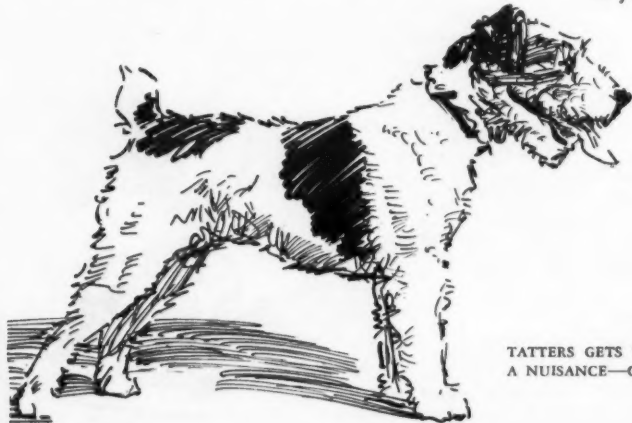
"If you'll be awfully careful with him, Dick."

"I'll treat him as though he were a string of diamonds," promised Dick.

Myra herself called up Miss Warren over the long distance telephone. She explained how she had found Terry, or "Tatters," as Miss Warren insisted on calling him, and that he was safe at her home. Miss Warren was appreciative. Myra found her an agreeable person to talk to.

"Do you think we could keep him with us until Sunday—that is, for all day tomorrow—if we promise to drive out to your place on Sunday afternoon and bring him along?"

"I'll be very glad if you will," Miss Warren agreed. "Come any time you like. I'll be at home all day."



TATTERS GETS TO BE QUITE A NUISANCE—CHASING CATS





Miss Warren gave the girl a sympathetic look. "You're awfully fond of him already, aren't you, my dear? You must keep in touch with me. Come and see him whenever you like; and if you wish, I'll bring him to town to visit you occasionally."

MYRA beamed. The thought of having Terry again excited her.

"Would you, really?"

"With pleasure. Tatters gets to be quite a nuisance here sometimes. Chasing cats, and tearing things up, and stealing food from the ice box the moment the cook's back is turned. From his point of view, it

isn't much of a place to live—not enough young people to play with, and too many other dogs around. Just telephone any time you want him and I'll bring him along. You found him," she said to Myra, "and you're entitled to some of his company, at least. I go to town every Friday, and my man goes in on Mondays."

"Do you suppose," ventured Myra, "we could have him over next week-end—from Friday to Sunday evening? We'll bring him back in the car."

"You can and shall," Miss Warren assured her.

"It's Father's birthday," remembered young Bess. "We'll celebrate—with Terry for a birthday guest."

"He'll be a part-time dog," Myra said on their way back to the city.

"The only part-time dog in captivity," answered her father jovially.

"Do you think Miss Warren will mind (Continued on page 36)

"ARE YOU LOST?" SHE DEMANDED.
"YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T BE
WANDERING ABOUT BY YOURSELF"



So it was agreed. But Myra had another thought as she hung up the receiver.

"Father," she said wistfully, "do you suppose—do you think—would you let me buy Terry if Miss Warren will sell him, and if Mother can be persuaded?"

"Leave Mother to me," her father said promptly. "Miss Warren is another matter. I'll leave her to you, because if I failed with her, you'd probably never forgive me!"

Myra threw her arms around her father's neck. It was the only adequate way of thanking him.

She planned and replanned her manner of attack upon the objections Miss Warren might offer to the idea of selling Terry; and she was still turning her best arguments over in her mind when they drove on Sunday to Connecticut.

At the house, Miss Warren herself, a vivacious and pleasant looking lady, came out to meet them. The Seymours liked her at once.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries with his mistress, Terry completely disregarded her and kept his place at Myra's side. Miss Warren spoke of this as she led them into the house.

"I see you've been spoiling him," she remarked with a laugh. "He doesn't get much petting at home because I have five other dogs, and he is one of many. I'm a great lover of dogs. I can't resist them in shops, somehow. I've given away I don't know how many puppies. You must come out and see the kennels. Tatters and Bunny, a Sealyham, are the only ones allowed in the house. People around here must think I'm sort of queer—having so many animals. But they come over and play with them just the same," she ended.

"Do you ever sell any of your dogs?" queried Dick, who hated what he called "beating about the bush."

"Oh, dear, no," cried their hostess in genuine horror.

THERE was a pause. Finally Father said: "You know, Miss Warren, we've become ridiculously attached to Terry—we call him that—in the short time we've had him. I'm sorry to hear that you never sell any of your dogs, for we wanted to ask whether you would consider selling Terry to my daughter."

Miss Warren shook her head. "I couldn't sell him," she said. "He's like one of the family."

Myra rose. She had no desire to linger now that she knew the worst. "We'd better be going, Father," she said in a stifled voice.

Flags Over Hockey

By JANET OWEN

ON a broad grassy field twenty-two girls are lined up, eleven in scarlet tunics facing eleven in blue. A whistle sounds. All eyes are on the two center players at the mid-point of the field. The silence breaks as they click-clack their sticks together in the opening "bully." Like a bullet, the white ball shoots out from between them, and the scarlet forward line streaks down the field with the ball toward the goal. The game is on.

In just such a way, thirty field hockey matches are opening this autumn across the ocean. America's crack team of girl players, the All-American touring team, has gone abroad to meet the teams of Great Britain and of Europe. The only difference from the game above will be that the colors will not always be scarlet and blue. Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Germany, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are some of the countries the American girls will meet on the field, and the team of each wears its own special bright-colored tunic.

All this international field hockey rivalry is to take place from the sixth to the tenth of September on a field in Copenhagen, Denmark, where a tournament and meeting will be held by the International Federation of Women's Hockey Associations; and later during the visit of the American team to other countries after the tournament. Our team sailed from New York on August twenty-fifth, and will not return until the middle of November.

We are hearing more and more about field hockey these days. While it is a comparatively new sport to America, it is well-known in England, where it is to English girls what basketball is to us.

The United States Field Hockey Association, which is made up of the field hockey clubs of the country and makes the rules for all field hockey played here, is only eleven years old. Nevertheless, the sport has spread so rapidly in that time that nearly every school which has lawns around it, today includes hockey among its athletics. Many city schools also offer hockey, the coach taking the girls to nearby parks for practice. In Smith, Wellesley, Vassar and other colleges over the country, field

hockey is one of the popular sports among the students.

The international matches abroad this autumn will be a moving picture of field hockey excellence. Our team will offer the best quality of play yet produced in this country. It will be better hockey than that played in schools, and even better than college girls play. In fact, there is reason to believe that the play of the American team may be better than that of several of the foreign teams.

Fifteen players make up our touring team. They are the picked fifteen of the country. They play the way we would all like to—the way in which, some day, hundreds of girls in the United States will play when the sport has grown as old here, as it is abroad. Eleven of the fifteen are the members of the All-American team, chosen last November at the annual national tournament held in Greenwich, Connecticut. The other four are members of the similarly selected national second team, called All-American reserves.

The four are not considered substitutes, but regular members of the squad. This is so, because the team has gone to Europe for two purposes above all others—to have a good time in their favorite sport, and to learn what the standards of hockey are in other countries. The exact number of goals they score, or victories they win, is a secondary matter in their estimation. From such a highly sporting point of view, the slight margin of difference between the abilities of the first eleven and of the next four players is of no importance.

These girls of the team are an attractive group of light and dark-haired college students and college graduates. Most of them are old friends, despite the fact that they come from different cities. Together, they constitute the model to which the younger hockey players of the country aspire.

THE typical girl hockey player of the United States is as fine a type of young sportswoman as can be found. The leaders are all-around sportswomen, playing tennis, squash, golf, lacrosse and other sports during the round of the seasons. Anne Townsend, captain of the All-American team, has long been hailed as the most expert player in the country, and at the same time, she is a noted tennis and squash racquets player whose name appears frequently in high place in tournaments. Gertrude Hooper, president of the national association, is one of the leading lacrosse players of the Boston section, and plays a very good game of basketball, as well as informal tennis.

Among hockey players, one finds a spirit of friendliness in play. The leaders are bent upon helping more girls to play hockey, and all girls to play better. Anyone who has been graduated from school may become an active member of the hockey association in her vicinity, and through it of the United States Association.

Field hockey is a game that can be played by anyone who is fit and has a hockey stick. Three characteristics have made it the favorite of English girls, and increasingly popular here. It is a fast game; it requires nicety of movement; it depends upon team work. The combination of these things makes it both exciting and satisfying.

There is a thrill in field hockey different from that of any other girls' game for, when the team sweeps down the field toward the goal, each player moves in a path all her own, abreast of her line, each girl fitting in as a part of the speeding whole, like the parts of a perfectly run machine. In all team games, it is essential that a (Continued on page 48)

ANNE TOWNSEND, ALL-AMERICAN STAR



The Log of the *Altair*

CAPTAIN ELDRIDGE stopped his engine and there was a desolate silence. Then the two old skippers shouted a consultation.

"Ain't a mite o' use pullin' at her—jest git her in a wuss fix!"

"Tide ain't long out from under her! Flood'll float her!"

"Reckon there ain't nawthin' to do but wait fer the course o' natur'."

Our own Skipper looked worried. After all, the *Altair* had been chartered; a hole stove in her bottom might make a bill that even her super-father wouldn't care about paying. Cap'n Eldridge was for going back to Tillerton and coming back later when the tide turned, but we all implored him to stay and eat with us. The next question was how long it would be before the tide rose enough to get the *Altair* off, and how much more stranded it was going to leave her now. We figured that it had been full high tide at two o'clock—not long after we ran into our little harbor. As it was now not much past six, there were nearly two hours to go before low tide, and at least another four to float us safely after that. Fortunately, it was a dead calm, so that the *Altair* scarcely stirred. If there had been enough sea to pound her at all, it would have been all up with her.

At first, supper started to be a rather gloomy meal. The *Altair* was now getting a perceptible list as she lay over more and more. If you had been ashore, you'd have seen a great expanse of bright green bottom on her starboard side below her water line. Her masts were at a noticeable angle, and she began to have a pathetic, helpless look that made something tighten up in my chest. "What if that was an unusually high tide we came in on?" I thought. "What if we can't get her off—our beautiful *Altair*, that *isn't* ours?"

Presently Cap'n Battle and Dick and Skipper went below with an electric lantern to creep around in the bilge and see if everything was all right, or if there were any leaks. We sat rather dolefully while they were gone and tried to admire the moonrise, which was indeed beautiful. The moon was nearly full, and it floated up like the most enormous honey-colored balloon straight out of the sea. The sky was hardly full dark, and there were pearly lights and purple shadows. The party from the hold reappeared with the news that everything seemed to be all right—the *Altair's* staunch ribs were holding their own, and the tide was nearly on the turn.

The two old captains began swapping yarns about the days when they were shipmates—and I wish I could remember all those tales, and had room to write them down. Skipper had sense enough not to suggest that anyone go to bed, though Henrietta had just struck five bells in the night



By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Part Three

a contest they were engaged in. Faster and faster they jigged, and louder we clapped, and harder Libby played—and all the while the moon shone and the tide quietly and mysteriously flowed in around the *Altair* and she straightened bit by bit on the dark water.

Cap'n Battle was much stouter than Cap'n Eldridge, so he finally had to give up—for which we were glad, because he was red and gasping. He sank down on a coil of rope and shook his fist at Cap'n Eldridge in time to the music. He couldn't speak. Cap'n Eldridge kept on for quite a while longer. He cut some extra high capers and ended with a double shuffle just to show that he could, and then he sat down on the deck right where he was. He was just as breathless as his old shipmate, but he squeaked out: "I beat ye! By cracky, I outlasted ye, Jed Battle, same's I allus did!"

CAP'N BATTLE was grinning and mopping his face with a great big blue handkerchief. "Sam Eldridge," he puffed, "we better be savin' our breath for gittin' this here schooner off'n the rocks, 'stead o' jumpin' round like a couple o' old fools fer these gals to laugh at."

Suddenly we quieted in the midst of our laughter, for a lot of us had noticed that the *Altair* felt different under our feet. She had the *live* feel that she'd lost, and her masts, instead of being stiffly slanted, swung gently upright against the moonlit sky. She was afloat. Very solemnly, the anchor watch struck eight bells. It was midnight, and not one of us had a thought of going to bed! How could we when Cap'n Eldridge was climbing into his big power boat?

"You come along here an' lend a hand, young feller," he called to Roger, and soon the cough of the engine was echoing through the midnight stillness, and we could see bright drops of water as the moonlight caught the dripping line that

Illustrations by Armstrong Sperry

lifted and tautened between Cap'n Eldridge's boat and the *Altair*. This time we didn't cheer—partly remembering our disappointment before, and partly because the hour and the darkness and the mystery of the turn of tide made us feel solemn. The *Altair* gave a lurch and a tug as the pull of the power boat hit her, and then she glided out as if she didn't weigh anything at all. Her lightness and her silence were so different from the struggling of the noisy power boat that we felt as if we were on an enchanted ship.

Cap'n Eldridge got us around to the safe harbor where we should have been, and the hold inspectors with their lantern went down to have another look at the seams and be sure everything was tight. It was, thank goodness! After that, Skipper took Cap'n Eldridge aside, and we heard her asking what we owed him, so I pricked up my ears, remembering the horrid tug man and his thirty dollars. Cap'n Eldridge burst into a high and squeaky laugh, and kept slapping his blue-patched overalls with his horny hand. "My senses!" he cried. "Why, I've gotten a hull lot more'n I've given, ma'am. 'Twas more'n wuth it, jest to dance that hornpipe with Jed Battle—and lick him too! Not to speak o' the yarnin' an' the vittles, an' the pleasure o' helpin' out all these pore innercent gals. A pure pleasure, that's what 'twas!"

And that's what it remained, sure enough, though Skipper argued. He wouldn't stay the rest of the night, though we begged, because he had to be out again at five o'clock looking after his nets and pots and things. So he shook hands with each and every one of us separately, and wished us luck, and shook his fist at Cap'n Battle—slapping him on the back as well—and off he went, putt-putting back to Tillerton, leaving the *Altair* safely afloat under the setting moon. And in next to no time the *Altair* herself was the only thing awake, for without even bothering with an anchor watch, we were all utterly drowned in sleep.

We slept until ten the next morning, and when we did wake up in the blue breezy brightness, the whole day and night before seemed like a dream, and we wondered if we'd imagined the fog and the *Altair's* plight and the two old men dancing in the moonlight on the tilted deck! Well, we had a large meal that combined breakfast and lunch, and got away handsomely before noon—and high time, too. We planned to anchor in the bend of the Windy Point breakwater and run definitely for Quanshogue next day.

I had had my long hoped for trick at the wheel—which was utterly glorious—and was sitting on a cleat nursing a few blisters, when Roger strolled up and said, "Seems to be coming on to blow, doesn't it?"

"I'll say it does," I agreed. "She's pulling like a wild horse, I'll testify to that."

The schooner was laying over very smartly, with the white water dashing noisily away from her stem and bubbling off under her counter. Every now and then a big gust would hit her like a blow, and Dinky, who was steering, would meet her with a yank at the wheel. Dinky, as her name implies, is not very big, and steering in weather like this is hard work, as I had found out. Dink had her teeth gritted and her feet braced. Roger said, "I think I'll go and lend a hand at the wheel." Which he did.

WE were running down fairly near shore—nearer than our course should have taken us, for we'd been making some leeway all the time that hadn't been allowed for. Cap'n Battle, who had been asleep most of the day after his strenuous night, appeared now and scowled all around at the sky and at the *Altair*, who was behaving like a wild beast instead of the gentle swan she'd been. Skipper came along too, and said, "We'd

better reef, don't you think so, and try to make the breakwater?"

"Shorely we got to reef," Cap'n Battle said. "An' quick, too, or we'll be gittin' on a lee shore here."

WE were all sailors enough to have a hearty dread of a lee shore, and the words electrified us. It means that the wind is blowing you towards the shore, and if you get in too close you can't tack, or wear, or get off in any way, but simply pile up on the rocks. It is a very ticklish and dangerous fix, and we were so nearly in it now that it was no fun at all. All hands reefed for all they were worth—a hard job with those big sails. We didn't do it awfully well, for we were in such a hurry and the canvas was so huge and unwieldy, but when we got the sails set again we were rewarded by the *Altair's* calming down a bit. She sailed better, but she was in just as bad a position, if not worse—on the port tack, which was bringing her closer and closer to that forbidding looking shore all the time. Wearing ship is a ticklish sort of business at best, and we weren't sure if there was room enough. Tacking was the safest way to claw her off from her tight fix—but what if she missed stays? When a ship misses stays, it simply means that she fails to go about on the other tack, for some reason or other. If you have the whole sea to play about in, it doesn't make so much



PETER PULLED HIS WALLET FROM AN INSIDE POCKET AND FISHED AN

difference, but to miss stays on a lee shore is a nightmare.

Skipper took the wheel. Bo'sun piped "All Hands" hastily and rather feebly, but with a stern sense of duty. Cap'n Battle roared, "Stand by to go 'beout!" to the people at the sheets, and then, to the wheel, "Helm deown!" Skipper, with Roger lending a hand still, flung the wheel over. The shore looked horribly near—we could see all the rocks on the beach with painful distinctness; Peanut insisted afterward that she could count the barnacles. The *Altair* shivered up into the wind, bobbed in the cross-sea, and then fell off again with a jerk on to her old tack. She had missed stays!

It wasn't Skipper's fault. We were close enough in for the back-wash from the shore to make a horrid choppy sea that bobbed the *Altair* up and down and had made her head fall off just as we were trying to put her about. There was nothing on earth to do but to wear ship, and quickly, too. When you tack a boat you bring the wind from one side of her to the other, right across her bow; but when you wear, you let her fall off so that she turns all the way around and jibes in the course of doing so. Jibing one of our little sail boats doesn't amount to much—but a two-mast schooner is a different story.

"Stand by to wea-a-a-r ship!" Skipper set her jaw and let the *Altair* go. She spun around on her heel like a skidding car; we could see the shore rushing by all topsy-turvy.

And then she jibed. The great sails came over with a slatting boom like thunder, and half of us lost our footing and rolled into the lee scuppers as she careened wildly. I was one of the people in the scuppers, and from under Carol I looked up and saw the reefed mainsail straining and swaying, and felt the spray spinning in on my face, and wondered if the next thing I'd hear would be the awful crash as we piled up on some reef. But when I scrambled up to lend a hand at the sheets, the *Altair* was bowling along already on the other tack. We just passed the headland by the skin of our teeth, and when we left the white water behind and felt room under us, you can better believe we held on to that tack until we were downright sure that the next one wouldn't bring us close in again.

THE wind was blowing up still, and now some little hissing squalls of rain came ruffling around us. We dived below for our "oilers," and soon the deck of the schooner had a most professional look—with people standing about in sou'westers and slickers, feet braced and rain dripping off their noses. I squodged over to where Roger and Bud and Em were peering through the blanket of rain. Roger, who of course had no oilers, was in his bathing suit and looked cold. We begged him to go below, or in by the galley range, but he evidently felt that it would (Continued on page 45)



OLD YELLOW PAPER OUT OF IT. HE UNFOLDED THE DEED AND LAID IT IN HER HANDS. OF COURSE WE ALL KNEW WHAT IT WAS!



GIRL SCOUTS HELP TO KEEP ALIVE THE CRAFT OF MAKING PATCHWORK QUILTS



WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, GIRL SCOUTS LEARN BASKETRY FROM A SKILLED OLD MOUNTAINEER AT CAMP MAY FLATHER



CAMP ANDREE GIRL SCOUTS AT BRIARCLIFF SEEM TO BE QUITE AS HAPPY AT ICE-CREAM-TIME AS ARE ANY OTHER GIRL SCOUTS ANYWHERE. "READY FOR SWEETS?" HAS BUT ONE REPLY

Girl Scouts at ne

throughout the country make the most of every day now that their golden days are long



THE INTRICACIES OF ROPE HANDICRAFT WHILE AWAY MANY PLEASANT HOURS AT CAMP



ARCHERY ENTHUSIASTS PREFER TO MAKE THEIR OWN EQUIPMENT

their Camps

the every precious moment,
are long to the season's close



NEWS FROM HOME—WHAT A
TREAT IT IS AT CAMP TO
READ ONE'S DAILY LETTERS

THE GIRL SCOUT ARTIST AT
CAMP ALWAYS FINDS OPPOR-
TUNITIES FOR HER TALENT



"HOW'S THAT FOR A
REEF?" THINKS THIS
CAMPER AS SHE TIES
UP HER DUFFLE BAG



"HURRAH FOR PARKER HOUSE ROLLS!" GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS AT
CAMP ANDREE KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE HOW GOOD THEY ARE AND
CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE MOMENT TO SPREAD AND FALL TO



A PERFECT ARCHERY STANCE—TAKEN AT CAMP BEECH-WOOD



MARIONETTES AND CAMPERS WORK TOGETHER

Some Good Ideas

*Overnight hiking is a thrill that one does not
fascinating crafts also—weaving, wood-*

Moonlight Frolic

FULTON, MISSOURI: Here's what happened at Camp Maries, Jefferson City, Missouri, on the night of the full moon!

We were awakened by the weird sound of a flute playing *Waltz Blue*. I was awake in an instant, and one of the counselors, dressed as Peter Pan, came running into our tent saying, "The fairies have come! Wake up! Don't you want to go to see the fairies?" By that time everyone was awake, so we put on our bathrobes and stumbled down the path after her.

When we were deep in the woods, we could distinguish the rest of the campers seated in a circle, facing a large rock. We

TANG of burning leaves, first flashes of gay color in the trees, deep blue skies, cool nights, squirrels chattering, blue-jays calling "Do it! Do it!" urging us on to some endeavor. That's September; and to Girl Scouts it means autumn camping and ideal hiking weather. What fun to slog along with a band of good companions through glorious September sunshine, singing camp songs, exchanging tales and confidences about the good times of the summer!

"Last the best of all the game"—to our minds, that just fits these last precious days of holiday-making before school begins once more.

A Storied Maple

PORTLAND, OREGON: On the bank of the Molalla River, for perhaps one hundred years, stood a maple tree. Sixty acres around this tree were chosen in 1925 as a refuge for Portland, Oregon Girl Scouts, and the tract was named Camp Wildwood.

In late years, such was the position of the maple that the flood tides undermined the roots of the tree, leaving it in a precarious condition. This maple was not only a very beautiful tree, but it had the distinction of having a great burl at its base. Considering the mishap which might result if the tree were to fall, and be carried off by the flood tide of the river, the Camp Committee decided that it should be cut down. Knowing that Italy was a good market for burl maple, it was shipped across the sea. Just recently a check has been received by local headquarters. The money which was paid is being used to complete the new winter lodge at Camp Wildwood.

Troop 37

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

An Overnight Hike

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: The most fun of the whole season at Camp Meromah was when the seniors went on an overnight hike. We started out about four o'clock from camp and hiked for three hours. Then we stopped in an open space and "made camp." We built a camp fire and then made our supper. We had potatoes, salami, roasted marshmallows, and many other good things to eat. Afterwards, we sat around the fire and told stories. At ten o'clock we made our beds which contained two or three blankets. We slept with our camp clothes, sweaters, and blankets, so we were pretty well protected. Most of us stayed awake for some time to watch the moon come over the mountain. It was a gorgeous sight.

It was five o'clock when we rose, and we found the camp fire still burning brightly, for one of the counselors had stayed up all night and kept the fire going.

After we were warmed up, we had breakfast. We had camped by a small stream, so when we were through with breakfast, we went wading. We had loads of fun doing that. Then we got our belongings together and hiked back to camp. And so ended a delightful overnight hike.

Troop 74

ADELE WEISS

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

BETTY STRONG, of Troop Fourteen, Oak Park, Illinois has the honor of being named Star Reporter for September. Betty writes:

"It was a laughing group of sixteen Girl Scouts and four counselors that started from Camp Lone Tree one hot July morning.

"We left in a hayrack with our blanket rolls, for we were going to our favorite camping site. We had named this lovely place Sacajawea, after the Indian maiden who led the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

"After joggling along for an hour or so, we reached a woody section. This was Sacajawea. To us who had been there before, it brought back happy memories, and to the new ones it was a promise of many happy times.

"Fort Dearborn was the pioneer unit, therefore many were working for their pioneer badges. We divided into groups with a counselor in each. One group gathered wood, another made a shelter from a poncho for the food, and another started a fire and prepared dinner for the crowd.

"Later in the afternoon we hiked around the end of the lake to a group of Indian mounds. We were very much interested in them and their history.

"After a hike back and supper, we gathered around the camp fire to sing songs loved by all of us. At the close of the evening we roasted marshmallows over the smoldering fire.

"All of us were ready for bed and sleep, for we were to keep watches during the night. Taps were played and, one by one, we dropped off to sleep. We were all up at the call of reveille, ready for a hearty breakfast which was served by one of the groups.

"Only too soon it was time to leave Sacajawea. We were sorry to go but there was the thought of returning next year, so we left it with memories of a place we all loved."

for Fun at Camp

forget, but camping gives a chance to learn work, pageantry, even the art of puppet shows

found our places, and when everything became quiet a counselor began reading *The Sleeping Beauty*. Everything was in darkness, with only the moon for light. The Pioneer Unit—Camelot—presented the play in pantomime.

After it was over, the Fairy Queen asked us to walk around the circle. Then to each one she presented a fairy bracelet made of small gumdrops strung on a wire, and tied with pastel-colored ribbons. Then another fairy gave us each a large piece of cake iced in various colors; another passed us "dew" (lemonade) in paper cups with leaves pinned on them. While we were eating, another fairy danced, again to the beautiful *Waltz Blue*.

After about a half hour of enjoyment, we went back to our tents. Next day, no one wondered at the sleepiness of everyone else.

VIRGINIA S. GUTHRIE

Trees Bearing Strange Fruit

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS: A "Tropical Breakfast" was an exciting experience which the girls of the Crocus Troop participated in last summer while attending Camp Hall, situated in a beautiful spot in Marion, Massachusetts.

We hiked about a mile and a half. When we arrived at our destination, a strange sight met our eyes. Hung on the high branches of trees were paper napkins containing eggs and bacon. Knives, forks, spoons and other cooking utensils also appeared to be growing on trees. Each patrol leader with the girls in her patrol selected a place to cook breakfast. While some of the girls were gathering wood, others were building fires under tin stoves. When the fires began to blaze, we were ready to cook our bacon and eggs.

Pan cakes also were a special treat which we had lots of fun in cooking. The meal tasted exceptionally good and was enjoyed by all.

MARY T. CARNEY



ACTING "THE LADY OF THE LAKE" AT CAMP ANN BAILEY

PEBBLES THAT SHOW THE AGE OF THE EARTH YIELD THEIR SECRETS TO GIRL SCOUTS

READING "THE AMERICAN GIRL" BENEATH THE HONOLULU PALM TREES INSPIRES GIRL SCOUTS TO WRITE TO THE EDITORS



BORING THE FIRST HOLE INTO A LOG. SOON WOODEN PEGS WILL BE INSERTED IN THESE HOLES, AND THE LOG WILL BECOME A BENCH



IT'S QUITE A TRICK TO BUILD AND CANE YOUR OWN CHAIRS. THE GIRL SCOUTS AT CAMP SEGUR, TOLEDO, OHIO ARE EXPERTS

"NRA"

The magic word for America during the month of July was "Nra." Under the powers granted him by Congress in the National Recovery Act, the President and his aides set to work with vim to mobilize the forces and enthusiasm of the country for a mighty effort to pull out of the depression.

Their aims were fourfold: To raise prices; to increase production; to raise wages; to reduce unemployment. To help him in his fight for these things, the President had several important legislative weapons:

He could raise prices of everything bought with dollars by decreasing the value of the dollar (inflation.) Such a rise in prices would automatically bring about his second aim, an increase in production.



He could force more jobs and higher wages by commanding employers to hire more people, to work them for a shorter length of time each week, and to pay them more. He could reward large firms who obeyed this order by allowing them to ignore, temporarily, the anti-trust laws which had restricted them for several years; he could punish firms which disobeyed by refusing them a license to do business.

Before the President's work for industrial recovery could get under way, the business world was already rushing headlong toward his first two goals, higher prices and increased production. Prices of farm products were going up, factories were turning out more goods, stocks were booming. Everything was beginning to look rosy.

Then it became painfully apparent to both the President and the country that though the horse was running very hard, the wagon he was supposed to pull was still standing in the barnyard. Factories were turning out more goods, prices of those goods were rising, but wages and employment were lagging behind. Many factories were working their employees to the limit, in order to lay in a stock of goods made at



low cost before the National Recovery Act could begin to operate and force higher wages. In the ready-to-wear industry, particularly, women and girls were working for as little as two dollars or less a week.

Each industry had been informed by the President that it must immediately draw up a set of what it considered fair recovery rules for itself, pledging itself to shorten hours, raise wages, employ more people, and abandon certain unfair methods of doing business. Each set of rules, or "code," was to be submitted to the President as quickly as it could be agreed upon by the business men, and, if approved by him, was to go into effect in August.

Some of the industries promptly drew up their codes, submitted them and had them approved. Several individual firms,

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

such as Chrysler Motors and United States Steel, raised the salaries of their employees without waiting for Washington to force them to do so. Other industries, however, lagged behind.

In this emergency, and realizing that the increased goods being rushed out of the factories could not be bought unless people received higher salaries with which to buy them, the President and his advisers decided not to wait for each of the thousands of industries in the United States to draw up and agree on its code. The Government drew up a blanket code, and informed the lagging employers that they would have until August first to accept this code, or suffer the consequences. At the same time, a big drive was organized in Washington to mobilize public opinion in favor of those who accepted and lived up to the codes. Patriotic employers were to be allowed to display in their windows a special card, bearing a blue eagle and the words: "We Do Our Part." Laggards were to be whipped into line by an intensive campaign, similar to the Liberty Bond selling campaigns of war time, which would include mass meetings, radio speeches, and all the means of stirring up public opinion which characterize a war drive—except that this time the enemy would be, not a foreign country, but Old Man Depression.



THE LONDON CONFERENCE EXPIRES

While the recovery program was getting under way in America—and indeed, because of it—the Economic Conference in London quietly collapsed. Although spokesmen for the President denied the fact, the judgment of the world in general was that the Conference had been starved to death by Mr. Roosevelt. Although he had publicly insisted, a few months ago, that the great need of the world was for a stabilized currency and lowered tariff walls, and though the Conference had met with the understanding that these two subjects would be discussed, when the delegates came together in London in June, they found that Mr. Roosevelt had completely changed his mind. America, it now appeared, would neither stabilize its money, nor reduce its tariff. The reason for this change of front was no secret. The President and his advisers were afraid that to do either of the two things, which they themselves had urged a few months ago, would endanger the business recovery which had already started in this country. They were afraid to reach for the bone of international trade, because to do so they would have to drop

—at least temporarily—the bone of home business revival which was already in their mouths and tasted very good.

The American delegates tried to find something else besides currency stabilization and tariffs for the London Conference to discuss, but their efforts were futile. The Conference, therefore, in a final burst of sad and ironical oratory, adjourned in-



definitely on July twenty-seventh. History will write it down as a monumental failure in international diplomacy.

WINGS OVER THE WORLD

Once more, this summer, daring fliers made history. Although the attempt of Matern to make the first solo flight around the world ended in failure when he crashed in Siberia, Wiley Post, his rival, was luckier. With only one slight mishap, he flew, in the same plane in which he had done the stunt before, the *Winnie Mae*, from Floyd Bennett Field, New York, to Berlin; thence to Novosibirsk, Irkutsk, Khabarovsk, Fairbanks and Edmonton, finally landing again in New York, in seven days, eighteen hours and forty-nine minutes. He had bettered his own record by twenty-one hours.

Less lucky were the two flying Britons, Captain James A. Mollison and his wife, Amy Johnson. Attempting a non-stop flight from Wales to New York, Mollison had been overcome by the strain of battling for thirty-seven hours against the dangerous head winds, which have been the doom of so many westward flying adventurers. When he found himself near the Bridgeport airfield, he decided to alight, instead of pushing on to New York. He made the mistake, however, of alighting with the wind and wrecked his plane in a nearby swamp, though he and his wife escaped with only minor injuries.

The most spectacular flight, however, of the summer of 1933, was that of General Italo Balbo, who, with the loss of only one life, took twenty-four flying boats and ninety-four men from Italy to the World's Fair, and is now preparing for the return mass flight across the Atlantic.



GOOD-BY TO PROHIBITION

When, on July twenty-second, Oregon voted in favor of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, it took its place as the twentieth State to go on record against Volsteadism. Previous wet victories in Alabama, Arkansas and Tennessee had made it evident that repeal was only a matter of months, since the South had been looked upon as the last stronghold of Prohibition. When the districts south of the Mason and Dixon line began to desert the dry cause, even the leaders of Prohibition began to admit that the battle was lost. Many people prophesy that repeal will come before Christmas.

Janet Looks at Paintings

(Continued from page 9)

day—he is a great admirer of Renoir, and he uses this same glowing red.

"See how alive they are, and then think back to those early, careful pictures we saw—the stiff Catharine Howard, for instance, all starched and formal—and you'll begin to see the changes that have taken place.

"It's changing all the time, you know.

Artists learn to do certain things in a certain way, and then a new genius comes along and does something entirely different. Perhaps a new group is formed that looks at things from a different point of view; they want to emphasize something else, to strive for new values. For instance, the Impressionists were so interested in light and what it did to the objects it fell upon, that they began to neglect the objects and paint only the light. Then the pendulum began swinging back the other way, and now certain painters are insisting that it is the bulk, the solidity of an object that is important. At first each new genius has a hard time making people see things his way. Manet and Renoir had an awful time persuading people to take their pictures seriously, though nowadays you will find all sorts of people telling you that Renoir and Manet are old-fashioned, and academic.

"The next stage, the one after these two, is the thing we are leaving until tomorrow. You've probably heard your grandfather say that there isn't any modern painting worth bothering about. What he really means is that he decided a long time ago what he liked, and has seen no reason to change his mind since."

"Will I like modern paintings?" Janet asked doubtfully. "I think that old Cézanne is dreadful, and he's modern, isn't he?"

"He was modern yesterday, so cheer up, honey. The main thing to remember is the thing a show like this sets so clearly before your eyes—that while painting goes on forever, no one way of painting lasts much longer than the genius who develops it. It is one of the oldest ways in which man speaks. He has always been making pictures, from the very earliest days. Sometimes they were pictures of what he saw, sometimes of what he thought, sometimes of what he dreamed, sometimes a combination of all those things. Out of all the hundreds and thousands of pictures that have been made in the world, some few have gone on living because—but that is an entire chapter in itself! I suppose pictures live because people go on liking them, but then you'd have to find out why people liked them, and probably everyone would have a different reason."

Janet pondered this statement. "Well, I like them *because I like them*," she said at last. "Doesn't everybody?"

Correction:

In last month's magazine we printed an article telling how to make international dolls with wood and a jig-saw. An error was made in stating the thickness of the wood, the correct thickness being $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. Be sure your wood is only a trifle over $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick.

Ask for the New Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

It gives you 20 to 30% greater service in your sanitary protection

NEW! The Patented* Equalizer... it adds 20 to 30% greater protection. An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping.

And all the former advantages of Kotex are retained; softness, absorbency, disposability, phantomized ends, the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection—these are features you need and want. And you get them, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort. It was designed as carefully as Kotex, itself—with woman's health and comfort in mind.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copy, 1932, Kotex Co.



You Can Make a Butter Cake—

as beautiful as one I saw the other day and as delicious to serve

By JANE CARTER

HAVE YOU been to the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago? If so, I hope you saw the same mammoth coconut layer cake I saw displayed in the interesting Foods and Agricultural Building. It measured almost two feet across and was covered all over with the most beautiful white frosting thickly sprinkled with lacy coconut.

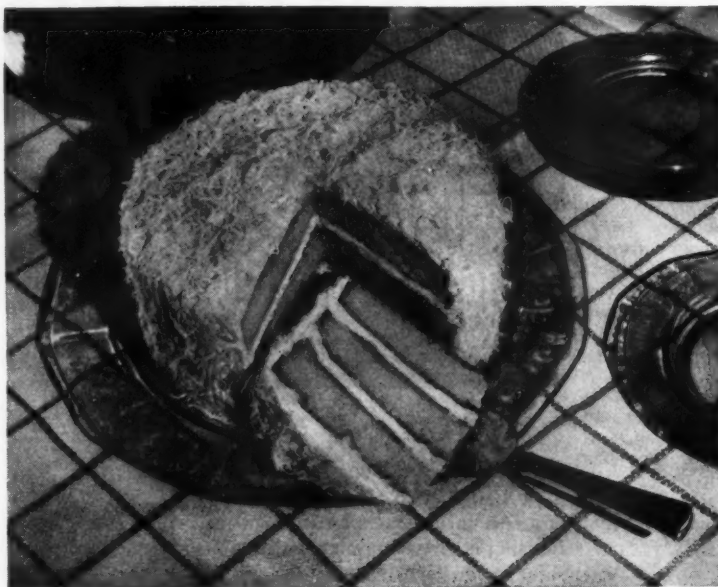
I have seen many huge cakes in the past, made and elaborately decorated by bakers, but I have never seen such a large layer cake of the home-made type. It stands on a pedestal of silver, its fluffy white coconut beauty set off against a background of royal purple. Bright lights play on it; and at the front, where a large slice has been cut, you see the cake's delicate fine-grained texture, and the contrast of the yellow layers with the white frosting spread between them. I doubt if a single Girl Scout could see that cake, and not want to go right home and make one just like it in a smaller size! And so that you may make one successfully, I am going to give you the recipe for a cake just like it and tell you the principal things to know about making it.

Coconut Layer Cake

(3 eggs)

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded coconut

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased nine-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) twenty-five to thirty minutes. Double recipe to make three ten-inch layers. Spread Seven Minute Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake



YOUR BUTTER CAKE CAN HAVE THIS DELICATE TEXTURE IF YOU FOLLOW THE RECIPE

with coconut while frosting is still soft.

Because this recipe calls for "butter or other shortening" and baking powder, we know right away that we are going to make a *butter cake*. You remember that there are two main types of cakes—*butter cakes*, in which some shortening and leavening are used, and *sponge cakes*, like Angel Food, which contain no shortening and are raised only by the air beaten into them.

There are several important points in mixing a standard butter cake like this coconut layer cake which, once learned, you can apply to all butter cake recipes and have success every time—that is, provided you are using an accurate, well tested recipe.

First, start your oven heating; then get out the pans and *all* the utensils and ingredients you are going to use and have everything on the table within easy reach. Grease your pans next, and if you line the bottoms with paper, grease both the pan and then the paper. Paper is a safeguard if the oven is uncertain, as it will keep the cakes from burning on the bottom, but it is not necessary if the oven has a good even heat.

Next, prepare the dry ingredients. *Always sift your flour once before you measure it.* All flour packs down on standing, and you will find this especially true of the cake flour you use for cakes, because it is so very, very fine and light. I like to have two squares of paper on the table, and I sift the flour back and forth from one to the other. It is so much easier to handle that way than on plates. So do your first sifting of flour on one square of paper, and set your sifter down on the second empty square. Then, when you measure the flour, lift it very lightly into a standard measur-

ing cup with a table-spoon or a little scoop—not packing it down the least little bit—but piling it up in the cup. Next take a knife or spatula and scrape the straight edge right across the top of the cup, leveling off the flour exactly. Now your first level cup of flour can be turned into the sifter. Finish measuring the flour, and return to the box the flour which is left on the first square of paper. Do not use any more than the exact amount the recipe calls for. Next measure the baking powder and salt, carefully leveling off each spoonful—I hope you have a set of standard measuring spoons—and putting these two

other dry ingredients right in with the flour in the sifter.

Now you are ready to sift the dry ingredients together three times, sifting on a square of paper, then moving the empty sifter to the other square, and then lifting up the first paper, pouring the flour mixture into the sifter again. Do this three times, in order to get plenty of air sifted in. We do not need to sift so often for butter cakes as for sponge cakes—which call for five siftings of the flour—because we are using baking powder and can depend on it for most of the leavening.

After the dry ingredients are sifted, put them aside and start creaming the butter, or whatever shortening you are using. If you are using butter, take it out of the refrigerator, or from the cool place where you keep it, a while before you start to mix the cake. Then it will soften somewhat, and may be creamed more easily.

This creaming is a much more important step than many people realize. Use a wooden spoon, and mash and cream the butter until it is soft, creamy, and very light in color. Next add the sugar to the butter—about a quarter of a cupful at a time. Beat and cream thoroughly after adding each portion. A cake may succeed or fail, depending upon the thoroughness of this important step. It has a great influence on the quality of a cake, and too often not enough time and "elbow grease" are given at this point to make the butter and sugar mixture really light and fluffy.

The "well beaten" egg yolks which go in next are yolks that are beaten with a rotary egg beater until they are really *thick* and *lemon-colored*. Even deep-colored yolks will grow pale yellow with sufficient beating.

When they are beaten enough and added to the butter and sugar, beat hard again until the whole mixture loses its granular appearance and begins to look velvety smooth, taking on a puffy lightness, as it grows definitely lighter in color.

After the eggs, come the dry ingredients and milk added alternately. Be sure to start with the flour—about a quarter of a cupful of it. This keeps the batter from having a separated look when the milk is added. Blend in the flour and beat well before putting in any milk. Add about a third of the milk at a time, and continue alternating with one-quarter portions of the flour, always beating well after each portion is added. Adding the amounts in this way will make you end with flour, as well as begin with flour. When the dry ingredients and milk are in, add the vanilla and mix thoroughly.

Now you are ready for the egg whites—and the correct stiffness of the egg whites is another very important thing to know about making a butter cake, as well as a sponge cake.

Just as in sponge cakes, *the egg whites must be stiff enough, but not too stiff.* Beat them either with the rotary egg beater, that has been washed after doing the yolks, or use a wire whisk. Either one will do equally well for a butter cake. But whatever beater you use, beat the whites until they just stand in peaks but do not lose their moist glossy look. Egg whites that are beaten until they are dry and flaky will make a dry, poor-textured cake. Learn to know when egg whites are beaten enough, and you will have learned one of the most important things to know about cake making.

Then when you add the whites, *fold* them in—do not beat them into the batter—cut and fold lightly and carefully, trying not to lose any of the air that has been so carefully beaten into both the batter and the whites. When the whites are completely blended, pour the batter into greased pans and set in center of the oven to bake.

When the cakes are baked, let them stand about a minute in their pans before turning out on the cake rack to cool—then you will find that they will steam a little and come out more easily. Cakes should always be thoroughly cooled before frosting.

When the layers are cool, put them together with fluffy Seven Minute Frosting, spread more frosting smoothly around the sides of the cake, and pile it on top lightly in thick, luscious swirls. Then while the frosting is still soft, sprinkle coconut generously over the top and sides.

Seven Minute Frosting

- 2 egg whites, unbeaten
- 1½ cups sugar
- 5 tablespoons water
- 1½ teaspoons light corn syrup
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire, add vanilla, and beat until thick enough to spread. This makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two nine-inch layers, or an eight by eight by two-inch cake.

You will find that butter cake recipes differ in the way the ingredients are added, and usually in the way of adding the eggs. The next recipe I am giving you calls for one egg only, and that is added whole, unbeaten, to the fluffy butter and sugar mixture. This means that you must do unusually hard and vigorous beating when the egg goes in, as it gets no separate beating and quantities of air must be enclosed at the same time the egg is blended with the butter and sugar. Here are two one-egg cakes that should be successful—

One-egg Cake

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan eight by eight by two inches, in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifty minutes. Frost as desired.

The recipe which follows is delightful as a change from the usual vanilla flavored ones:

Orange Dessert Cake

Use recipe for One-egg Cake, omitting vanilla. Cream two teaspoons grated orange rind with the butter, and add one-half cup finely chopped raisins to cake mixture after egg has been added. Bake in greased pan, eight by eight by two inches, in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifty minutes.

These one-egg cakes you will want to make over and over again, for they are economical, easy, and never-failing recipes, if you follow the principles of butter cake making I have given you. Also, they can be used and varied in many different ways.

IN this space I give you a special Girl Scout cake to serve at tea time. It is *Nut Loaf Cake* and is made like this: Use recipe for one-egg cake adding one cup chopped nut meats to cake mixture after egg has been added. Bake in greased pan, eight by eight by two inches, in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifty minutes, or until done. Frost it, if you care to do so.

Jane Carter

A cooling treat—



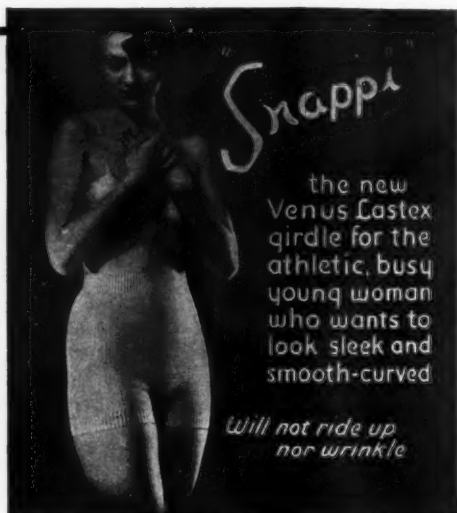
that beats the heat!

THESE hot days it's easy to find a dish that appeals to every active girl's appetite. A treat that won't "heat you up" and cause the fun to lose its zest.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes fill the bill . . . and how! Cooling . . . easy to digest . . . and satisfying. Add fresh fruits or honey for a taste-teasing treat. Great for breakfast . . . for a tempting lunch. And try and beat 'em for a between-meals snack!

Always oven-fresh in the heat-sealed WAXTITE bag. Take Kellogg's on your next hike or camping trip. Delicious with either fresh or canned milk. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.





for SCHOOL DAYS

Of course you don't wear corsets. Who does,—except large ladies?

But now summer is over we will all want to look sleek and trim. You are probably nicely tanned and those fresh new school clothes and party dresses are going to look doubly nice. With a Venus SNAPPI Girdle to make them fit sleekly and with smooth curves you will be your attractive, athletic self.

The SNAPPI Girdle, light as can be, is made of Lastex and is as comfortable as no girdle at all. It can't ride up nor wrinkle and it conforms to every move and bend, yet gently holds you the way you want to look. It is made in tearose and white.

\$2.50 and up in leading department stores.

VENUS CORPORATION

1170 Broadway, New York City

424 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

INSIST ON VENUS FORM-FITTING QUALITY

Become a Happy Subscriber

IF YOU want to know what real fun is—if you want to read stories that are thrilling, exciting, adventurous; articles that are personal, helpful, entertaining; if you want to know all about interesting people, books and places—read THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Dear AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to join the happy subscribers who read THE AMERICAN GIRL. Here is my fifty cents, money order or stamps, for the next five months.

My name is _____ My address is _____

City _____ State _____



The Room on the Roof

(Continued from page 16)

that the trip was all off, but suddenly she decided to go, although she couldn't afford to take Katrine, and left her there in the apartment. She told her to ask some friend in to stay with her if she felt lonely, but Katrine doesn't know anybody to ask. It's on the East side, and plenty of cars to the hospital, and I thought right away, 'Why shouldn't Joan go and stay with Katrine?' We know all about her, and your mother wouldn't feel so worried. It would simply amount to using that room, of course."

"Ye-es," Joan said unwillingly, "but there are plenty of places, Aunt—"

"Well, think it over, my dear," Aunt Gus concluded good-naturedly. "It looked like a good chance to me, so I mentioned it. I thought it just might induce your mother—however, use your own judgment."

And Joan, still thrilled by the great, the unexpected chance, did use her judgment and accepted the plan gratefully.

AS IF by magic, everything fell into place, and events moved so fast that she felt as if she'd hardly caught up with them. First, Dr. Becker wrote that she had no one in view for working secretary and would be glad to accept her classmate's niece. Then, Katrine wrote that it *was* lonesome in the apartment and she would be glad to have Gracie's and Prescott's cousin in the extra room, and hoped she could make Joan comfortable. Next, Mrs. Brathwayte, still disapproving and uncertain but trying her best to be just, agreed that a small proportion of the intended college fund could reasonably be added to the beginner's modest salary, and that her cherished plans for a freshman wardrobe ought to be carried out, in all fairness, for the benefit of a young business woman!

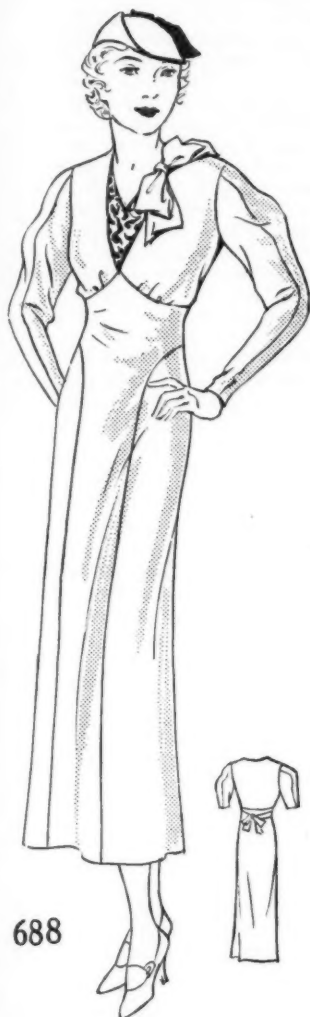
So it was a very trim and shining girl, in a new brown suit, with a loose, comfortable top coat to match, some pretty printed silks and new pajamas in her new, fitted case (Aunt Gus's delightful present), a smart raincoat ('Gustus's contribution'), and a fine umbrella (old Katy's practical gift), who took her seat in the train one bright September morning, flushed with her adventure, and secretly enchanted that she was starting out alone, although her mother regretted the necessity. 'Gustus had two weeks more vacation, Aunt Gus had gone back to California a few days before, and no one from the small Middle Western city happened to be traveling to New York by the day train.

Joan and her mother had tried, both of them, very sincerely to be worthy of Aunt Gus's trust in each; and the effort had proved to both of them, as such efforts always do, that their care for each other's feelings had been well worth while.

"After all, you *are* young, my dear!" rang in the girl's grateful ears, and kept her from too much impatience under the flood of warnings and directions that might have provoked irritable answers.

And Aunt Gus's "Try to remember, Gay, that she's a sensible, well-grown girl!" kept Mrs. Brathwayte from despairing argument when Joan laughed (Continued on page 36)

Autumn Frocks for "Best" and for School



688—If you are a tall 14 or over, you may wish to include this well-cut street dress among your autumn clothes. Then, when winter comes, it is so snugly made, it will slip under your heavy coat without a bulge. If made of a soft silk crêpe, it will do for informal evening parties when jig-saw puzzles, or bridge, or charades are on the program. In other words, it's a useful dress, so conservative in style that it will give you a year's round of wear. There's no reason, either, why you should not prefer it in one of the new gay-colored soft woolens. The bow gives it dash. Size 16 takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch goods, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch silk for the dicky.



973—Wear it in the classroom, or under a sports coat at a football match; wear it for traveling, or for any day-time informal occasion. It's in good taste for all-round schoolgirl use, and it's as smart as can be. It's very simple to make, too, in spite of its raglan shoulders, its boyish-type collar and its slim skirt with one inverted pleat. Made up in a brown plaid woolen with scarlet suède belt and matching woolen cord at the neck, it's unusually graceful. The well-known "lingerie touch" is seen in the piqué collar and inch-wide cuffs. Designed for sizes 14-20, size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

THIS PAGE IS HELPFUL IN TRYING FOR THE DRESSMAKER BADGE

343—There are three timely fashion notes in this smart classroom frock: the flattering Peter Pan collar is piqué, the bold Scotch tartan blouse is gingham, slightly puffed at the shoulder line, and the skirt is wool jersey in the new pine green. Not that you must keep to these materials, of course. It becomes a "best" dress by merely substituting materials—by making the becoming blouse of crisp plaid taffeta, the skirt of green broadcloth, or serge, or black velveteen. Patterns come in all sizes from 8 to 16. If you are a 12, you will need $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch goods for the skirt, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material for the blouse, plus $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of piqué for the collar.



Patterns are 15 cents each; the American Girl Pattern Book 25 cents, coins or stamps. American Girl Patterns, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Room on the Roof

(Continued from page 34)

at her planned luncheon basket and said she preferred the dining car.

"You'll telegraph as soon as you get there, darling? You won't forget?"

"Absolutely not, Mother. The very first minute!"

The train jolted off. She'd started! And utterly unexpectedly to her proud young self, the eyes that met her mother's through the moving window were full of tears and her smiling, triumphant mouth twisted down at the corners!

Joan never forgot that first, all-day journey alone. Each moment was full of its own particular satisfactions, and the thrill, as they pulled into the great New York terminal already darkening for evening, was all and more than she had expected.

Katrine was to meet her at the Information Desk, that Mecca of so many hopeful travelers; and as they were five minutes early, Joan left her red-capped porter there and arranged for her steamer trunk to be delivered the next day, returning only two minutes after the scheduled hour. Katrine had been described to her, and Mrs. Brathwayte had insisted upon sending one of her graduation photographs to the old nurse, so recognition would not be difficult. Dismissing the porter thriftily, Joan stood by her suitcase for fifteen minutes, hardly wor-

ried at all in her interest as the bustling crowd, metropolitan and suburban, surged and flowed through the vast, beautiful building. Others, evidently waiting like herself, made the experience seem natural and usual, and she appreciated that the street traffic at this time must be tremendous and could easily account for delays.

ONCE she made a trial trip back to the gate, in case Katrine should have confused matters, but with no results; and once she risked a quick dash to the telegraph desk, where she sent the promised message, quite unconscious of the fact that this reassurance was intended by her mother to have been sent under different circumstances. "Arrived safe—fine trip—everything all right."

"That's off my mind!" she thought with relief. But after ten minutes more, she began to feel a little doubtful of the good sense of standing there any longer. Perhaps the practical course would be to take a taxi and go straight to Miss Richards's apartment. After a moment's thought, she decided to telephone first, and then if Katrine did not answer, it would be reasonable to suppose that she had been delayed and was on the way.

"In any case, Joan, wait," her mother had repeated. "Don't get excited and hunt

around. Just wait. It's the only way when people are meeting each other."

This appealed to her own good sense and so she had waited. But—half an hour? Wasn't that enough? Wouldn't Katrine expect her to come, since she knew the address? Anyway, telephoning would be a middle course, and she almost ran to the telephone booths, and put in her call eagerly, a sense of loneliness and ugly doubt gnawing in her, in spite of her excitement.

A series of long, empty rings. A little metallic voice: "They do not answer!"

Waiting. Wondering.

"Will you try again, please?"

"They do not answer. I will return your coin."

Obstinately she persisted, until at last she was referred to a supervisor.

"You wanted a Miss Richards? Yes, that is the correct number, madam, but that telephone was disconnected yesterday until further notice. No, madam, I do not know. I suppose the party has left!"

Joan picked up the coin that tinkled into the slot. Her face was suddenly pale.

"Then—then, what shall I do?" she whispered, with a little frightened gasp.

What Joan decides to do forms a link in a chain of astonishing happenings. Follow them in next month's installment.

Part-time Dog

(Continued from page 21)

if I buy him a new leather leash and collar?" said Dick. "That green one looks kind of feminine."

"Go to it, Dick," Myra laughed. "She won't care. Buy him a different leash for every day in the week, if you want to."

"I like pink," put in young Bess, whereupon everybody laughed.

But Bess went on stubbornly, aware that she was being made fun of, "I'm going to buy Terry a rubber toy. And I hope he'll like it."

"He'll love it," agreed Myra. She was happy and willing to agree with anybody.

DURING the following week Myra, Dick and Bess lived only for the coming week-end. Elaborate plans were made for the arrival of Terry, and a special corner was cleared for him and filled with various offerings. Mother forgot her objection to a dog in the city and made him a cushion which was put into the basket Bess had made ready for him, and Father contributed an old pair of slippers for the visitor to chew.

When the hour drew near for Terry's arrival, Myra and Bess could hardly contain themselves, but it was Dick who sprang into the hall to answer the ring at the front door. The girls heard him welcoming Terry and ignoring Miss Warren. Miss Warren, however, was the kind of person who does not stand on ceremony. She ushered herself in.

Terry had been newly scrubbed, and his white hair gleamed. He greeted each member of the family with demonstrations of affection. Finally, with a leap, he landed

in Myra's lap, and gave her face a good washing.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Miss Warren. "He loves you better than he does me!"

Terry was home again. He showed in every way that he was pleased, dashing in and out of his new basket like an excited grasshopper. He worried the slippers. He lay down on the pillow, to Mother's delight, and he pretended to chew up the new leash Dick had bought him. When Bess threw the rubber toy for him, he rushed to fetch it, laying it each time at her feet.

Mother fed the visitor, Dick exercised him, Bess put him to bed, and Father romped with him. Myra had little or nothing to do in the way of caring for him, having so many assistants. It remained for her to show him off to her friends.

On Sunday Miss Warren telephoned that she could not come for "Tatters," and would they mind holding him for a few days? That didn't make anyone sad!

ON Wednesday, when the merry little dog left them, the young Seymours found it hard to let him go. But Miss Warren said Terry might come back again on Friday for the week-end—that made it easier. He would be with them again next week, and perhaps the next, and still the next!

As the months passed, Terry fell into his part-time routine without effort. Each time he came, he behaved like one who has at last reached his home. He doted on his basket; he played with them all; he flattered Mother in many subtle ways. He behaved as only a perfect gentleman of a terrier

could and should. Even Mother had to admit that his manners left nothing to be desired.

In May, Miss Warren entered Terry in a dog show, but not before she had consulted Myra on the telephone. The entire family went to pay homage to him, and were thrilled when he captured a ribbon which Miss Warren insisted belonged to Myra. This was carefully put away among her treasured possessions.

JUNE came. Mother began to make plans for the summer exodus to Maine. Thoughtful expressions began to be seen upon the faces of the family—they were all finding it hard to reconcile themselves to a summer's absence from the little dog who had captivated their hearts. The more Myra thought about it, the harder to bear seemed the impending separation from her chum.

The last week-end with Terry was rather subdued. It was impossible to put the usual spirit into the games with him. It seemed that the little dog, too, was sad. He lay quietly on the foot of first one and then another member of the family.

Mr. Seymour drove Terry home, and returned without the usual reports concerning Miss Warren. No one asked questions. They all wished to avoid the subject that was uppermost in their minds.

The evening before their departure, Terry's owner came unexpectedly to the Seymour home.

"Tatters has been stolen," she told them.

"I came straight here."

"Terry—stolen!" Myra's face paled.

"I'll go straight to the police and report,"

cried Dick in indignation. "The thieves can't get away with anything like that!"

"Hold your horses, Dick," said Mr. Seymour. "Perhaps Terry has run away, and somebody has picked him up on the street, the way Myra did in the first place."

Bess burst into sobs. "Terry hasn't any bed now, or any dog biscuits, or any rubber toy to play with!" she wept. "I don't want him to be lost!"

Her mother took the little girl up into her lap and comforted her. But Myra was too worried for tears. Had Terry been run over, as the Airedale was? She couldn't bear the thought. Anything but that for her lovable little playfellow!

"Perhaps it was thoughtless of me to burst in on you like this," said Miss Warren uneasily. "Of course, Tatters may have run away. Several valuable dogs have been stolen from my neighbors lately, so I thought——"

WHAT'S that?" interrupted Dick. Then, at a glance from his mother, "I beg your pardon, Miss Warren. I didn't mean to cut in—but I thought I heard something scratching on the front door."

"Oh, Dick!" cried Myra. "What if it should be——" But she did not finish her sentence. There *was* scratching at the door. It was followed by a low whine, and then a short, sharp bark.

Dick flung the door open—and in bounded Terry! A dirty, bedraggled Terry he was, his white hair caked with mud, his nose bloody, his ear chewed—but his spirit as gay and untrammelled as ever.

"Terry darling, you've been fighting," cried Myra as she gathered the little dog in her arms. "Mother, look! Terry's ear is bleeding!"

"I'll bet he gave the other dog more'n he got," boasted Dick.

Terry wriggled joyously in Myra's arms. His eyes were bright. They looked as if he were saying, "Yes, I gave that other fellow a good trouncing!"

Miss Warren smiled down at the little group. "Tatters has chosen between us, Myra," she said. "He must feel that his real home is here, or he wouldn't have left me to come to you."

"Oh, dear Miss Warren," cried the girl, distressed, "I'm so sorry. No, I don't just mean that, but——"

"I understand. And I'm glad of it. Because I meant to give him to you all the time, when I'd made sure you'd take good care of him. Last week I had the pedigree transferred in your name. That was one reason I was so upset when I thought Tatters was stolen—I wanted you to have him. I thought you'd like to take him to Maine with you."

"How wonderful of you!" said the girl in a shaken voice. "I just can't thank you."

"He is your dog now," continued Miss Warren. "Altogether yours, to do with as you please."

"Let's have him still a part-time dog," Myra suggested shyly. "Then he could come to visit you, whenever you wanted to see him."

"That would be nice," Miss Warren beamed. "Especially nice, if you would come with him."

But Myra could not answer, for Terry had chosen that moment to express his delight in his home-coming by washing her face violently with his small, rough tongue.

REVOLTING!

the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs

Why do it?

use
KLEENEX
disposable tissues
and destroy

THE worst job on earth! That's what any woman says about washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Then why do it? Why inflict this repulsive job on yourself, or on anyone else?

Use Kleenex, as so many other people now are doing. They started to use this health handkerchief during colds—then found it impossible *ever* to return to the old, unsanitary way.

Daintier than handkerchiefs

Kleenex is made of soft cellulose in convenient squares, handkerchief size. These disposable tissues are softer than any handkerchief—downy, dainty, gentle, absorbent.

Costs less than laundering

If you have been sending washing out, you will find the use of Kleenex means a great saving in your laundry bills. You can use many tissues for the cost of laundering one handkerchief. And think how pleasant to use each tissue only once—selecting a fresh, clean one every time.

And a host of other uses

Try some of the other uses, that Kleenex fans have written us about! Kleenex for applying ointments and lotions. Kleenex for the baby—as a napkin, to prevent cod-liver oil from staining clothes, as toilet tissues, etc. Kleenex for applying cosmetics—and for removing them. Kleenex as a sanitary emergency powder puff.

And, above all, think!—never, never again the revolting job of washing dirty handkerchiefs. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kleenex.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES



KLEENEX
for your pocket!
2 packets, 5c

Twelve regular-size Kleenex tissues in each, conveniently packed to fit your purse or pocket. Every druggist should have the Pocket Packet of Kleenex on his counter.



Empty Pockets!

HAVING empty pockets is a distressing situation. And sometimes there is nothing one can do about it. Except to weep over it, perhaps. But tears never help much.

Betty Brooks found Peggy in tears only a short while ago. She, too, had empty pockets. The much-talked-of depression had hit her—not directly, of course, but hit her it had. A big bad-business billow had struck her family and she was beginning to feel the vibrations and ripples of it. For Peggy's clothes' budget had to be reduced and her allowance cut down. "It's only temporary, Peggy dear," her mother had told her, but in the meantime it was a terrific blow. No wonder Peggy wept! It was the old story—empty pockets and tears.

But Betty Brooks found Peggy in time. She showed her a way out of her difficulty. And she has been showing hundreds of other girls all over the country how to fill empty pockets and drive away tears.

Has the Depression Hit You, Too?

If so, you, too, can profit by what Betty Brooks has to offer. Write her today and let her help you tide over bad times and get the things you need.

Mail this today!

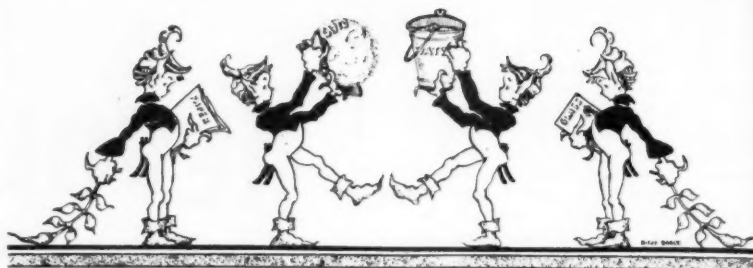
Dear Betty Brooks
% THE AMERICAN GIRL,
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Like everyone else, I, too, have felt that ogre Depression! Will you tell me how I can refill my pockets and get the many things I need?

My name is

My address is

City State



Silhouettes in Blue

By ALMA GIBSON BAKER

SUE ANN and Sally sat in the shade of the birches as they watched the swift-flowing water of the brook which fed the lake at Camp Silver Trees.

"Everything is so beautiful. Look, Sally, see those lovely ferns—and that grapevine! It's just like fairy-land."

"Ever been there?"

Sue Ann, ignoring Sally's question, rose and gathered some ferns. "I'm going to make some blue prints of these."

"Blue prints are what architects use in drafting plans, aren't they? Can anybody make a blue print? You couldn't, could you? No fooling!"

"Of course I don't know how yet, but Miss Britton has promised to teach me all about it." Sue Ann looked down at Sally who was now lying flat on the bank. "And listen, Lazybones, you'd better come with me and learn how to do it, or else you'll have a hard time with that nature book you keep raving about. Yes, I mean the one that you personally are going to make!"

Sally stared long into space. Then, with a great effort, she summoned her will power and struggled after her friend in the direction of the crafts studio.

That afternoon Sue Ann wrote a letter to her sister Sandy explaining how she could work on her nature badge at home and have almost as much fun as if she were doing it at camp. The following instructions will tell you how to make blue print silhouettes as Sue Ann told it to Sandy.

This process of blue printing is similar to the method employed by architects. Pictures of any number of objects may be made accurately and are effective when finished.

Prints four inches by six seem the most desirable.

The necessary materials are not expensive and, with the exception of the paper, they may be procured at home. First of all,

two pieces of ordinary glass, the kind used for windows, will be needed. A convenient size for handling is about eight inches by ten. This allows pictures as large as six inches by eight to be made. It is advisable to use cloth pads for handling the pieces of glass, for sometimes one becomes so intent on holding the print that one forgets and squeezes the edges, and—well, that's an easy way to cut your hands.

Blue print paper has been chemically treated and cannot be exposed to the light before use. It is necessary to keep the paper always in a dark container. A black envelope is fine—and red tissue paper makes a suitable covering. Blue print paper may be bought from an art or a printing shop, a piece twelve inches by thirty for ten cents.

A pan of clear water is needed, in which to wash the prints after exposure. The water must be constantly changed to prevent a smeary picture. It is a good idea

to wash the paper in a running stream—which makes blue printing a good excuse for another hike!

When the equipment is ready, you must choose your first subject—an oak leaf would be good. The procedure will be like this:—place the leaf, face down, upon a clean piece of glass. When the design is ready on the plate, remove the blue print paper from the dark envelope and quickly place it, blue side down, upon the glass which holds the leaf. Cover with the second plate of glass and hold the two so firmly that the design won't slip. Be watchful of the fingers and don't let them cover any part of the paper, for fingers seem the easiest of all objects to print! Rubber bands may be used to hold the two glasses securely, provided they do not cross the paper itself.

Expose to the sun until the uncovered portion of the paper turns a yellowish



YOU NEED NOT BE AN ARTIST TO MAKE THIS BOOK COVER: THE SECRET IS "BLUE PRINT"

white. The time of exposure depends upon the strength of the sun. For instance, the mid-day sun makes much faster printing than the morning or afternoon sun.

Remove the glasses and quickly immerse the paper in the basin of water. Wash thoroughly by swishing the paper back and forth under the water, but remember that fingers on wet paper for any length of time cause pink spots. When the paper is washed, place it upon a flat surface to dry. It may be dried either in the light or in the dark, as the water stops further chemical action. When dry, press between books.

The Tree Finder Project may be worked out simply by this method. Blue prints of leaves and brief descriptions of the trees to which the leaves belong, bound together, make an artistic nature handbook. A cover for the book, similar to the one illustrated, also may be made by blue printing.

In this cover Peter Pan and the fairy Tinker Bell are walking through a forest. The figures were cut out of paper and placed on the plate, then surrounded by foliage of larkspur, white jasmine, cedar, and grass. The bunny is really only the flower of the larkspur which has been pressed. It is helpful to know that grass gone to seed makes a lovely silhouette. The lettering in this picture was done by writing with India ink on the glass.

Behind the Shop Window

(Continued from page 18)

Miss Poor also gives certain definite suggestions to the girl who is applying for a position. She reminds us that it is the first impression which counts. "A well-groomed appearance, good posture, an alert and responsive expression, and poise of manner, all combine to make an excellent first impression on a prospective employer; and other factors being equal, such considerations as these usually determine the acceptance or rejection of applicants for department store jobs . . . which necessarily lay greater emphasis than do other types of business on a smart appearance and self-confident manner."

In other words, a girl with a college degree and an untidy appearance is not nearly so apt to nail the job as an erect, well-groomed young woman of less education.

Here is a final tip by way of conclusion of this brief discussion. It comes from a girl who, after twelve years of selling in the coat and suit department of a large metropolitan store, was promoted to the position of buyer. In addressing a group of students in a mercantile course at a well-known university, this young woman said:

"No business career is easy. Hard work and an interest that burns as steadily as an electric lamp are the elements which make it go. People above you are suspicious of your advance. People below you make mistakes for which you have to take the blame. But if you hang on to your sense of humor as an aviator does to his parachute, you will come through. If you're the sort of person who cares more about the job—more about the personal possibilities of that job—than you do about the hardships of the passing moment, or wounds to your vanity, you're absolutely bound to succeed. 'A little patience,' say the Italians!"

Our new swimming champ

YET A FEW STROKES USED TO TIRE HER OUT

THE starting gun cracks! From their poised position on the pool edge, six swift figures swoop down, cleave the water—stroke, stroke, stroke toward the winner's goal. Two drop behind . . . a third . . . a fourth! Out front there's a battle for first place! One spurts ahead, swift and sure. A breathless second more—and we hail a new swimming champion.

A surprise winner

Of all people . . . it's Betty! Why, last term she was the prize weakling. A few strokes and she was exhausted, gasping for breath. Here's her own story. "It was heart-breaking, watching while other girls excelled at sports. My frequent colds wore down my strength. Then my gym teacher took me in hand—put me on the rigid training schedule of star athletes. One of the most important rules was simply: Wash hands often—*always before meals*—with Lifebuoy, the germ-removing soap. The Lifebuoy Wash-Up Chart helped me remember."

* * *

The Cleaner Hands rule plays a big part in keeping you fit. For hands pick up germs from practically everything we touch. 27 germ diseases may be spread by hands, the Life Extension Institute warns. And Lifebuoy Health Soap helps guard against

strength-sapping illnesses—protects health by removing not only dirt, but germs as well.

A beauty hint

Complexions, too, receive many benefits from Lifebuoy's rich, creamy, purifying lather. Clears the pores—keeps your skin radiant, aglow with loveliness. Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Deodorizes the pores—removes every trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

Come on, get in the swim! Let the Cleaner Hands rule help you to winning form. Send for that pleasant memory-jogger, the Lifebuoy Wash-Up Chart. It will be sent you FREE with a trial-size cake of Lifebuoy Soap. Simply mail coupon below.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

for face, hands, bath.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 149, Cambridge, Mass.

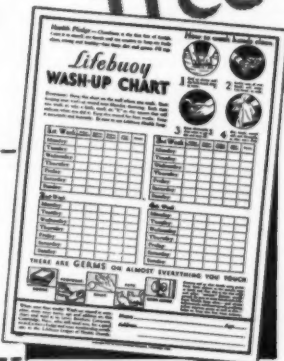
Please send me a Lifebuoy "Wash-up" Chart and trial cake of Lifebuoy—both free.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Books of Adventure

By

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

A FAMOUS anthropologist has recently declared that the cradle of the human race was most probably rocked in East Africa. Whether that accounts for the increasing number of interesting stories whose scenes are laid in Africa, it would be difficult to say; but ever since the appearance of Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm* in your great-grandparents' day, the veldts and their dark-skinned inhabitants have been temptingly beckoning the writers, as well as the animal-hunters. No writer seems to have felt the lure of Africa more intensely than has Erick Berry, whose *Juma of the Hills* (Harcourt, Brace) will hold you an enthralled and willing captive.

Juma, although she wore a bustle of leaves to the Durok fête instead of an organdie dancing-frock, is the kind who would bound to the leader's place in any group of girls the world over. Utterly fearless, with the courage and resourcefulness fostered by her outdoor life, as well as by a fine character, she endears herself to us from the moment we see her feeding her pet crane, the mischievous Goraka, to the time she returns the amulet to old Mother Krak. Along with other girls and boys of her village, she is destined to be sold into slavery, but she is not the kind to submit tamely. Instead, she is found, half dead from exposure after a thrilling escape, by the Mohammed Ibrahim. Though treated kindly, she has but one aim—to rejoin her companions in the town of Katsina, and not even the enticements of crocodile-riding, or mounting a true Arab steed, can shake her purpose. Eventually she finds her friends, all reconciled to their new lives as slaves in different households, and actually averse to returning to their native village of Durok from which they had been kidnapped. That is, all but one—Dan Kashe, who is as loyal to his village and traditions as is Juma. The two find their way back, and become real assets in the lives of the old folks at home, their progress being made doubly interesting to the reader through their share in the highly picturesque and thrilling events in the towns through which they pass. Most appropriately, Juma's name in her own language means "the little tree," for she is refreshing and vital, and her surroundings and companions are made equally so.

WHEN first we saw *The Enchanted Jungle* by Isadore Lhevinne (Coward McCann and Junior Literary Guild) we confess we groaned a bit. Another jungle book, we grumbled, probably the old story of lions 'n' tigers 'n' everything, and prominently figuring that red-blooded he-man or she-woman who invariably surmounts all jungle hazards, and makes us feel dejected and tenderfoot. A few minutes' reading, however, convinced us that we were all wrong. The jungle is here presented from the point of view of William Perry, a composer who wants to learn the melodies of primitive tribes, in order to develop them into an opera. William proves a delightful guide.

He frankly confesses that he wakes up with a bad headache after dreaming of the blood-curdling warnings about snakes, that he has taken absolutely unsuitable equipment along—with the exception of generous stores from Woolworth's—and that, far from playing the hero and nursing Man Friday back into eternal gratitude, his guide has to carry



SETTING OUT FOR NEW HARBORS AND WIDER SEAS

him for miles, because he has sprained his naturally unaccustomed foot. On the other hand, there is no hardship grueling enough to prevent him from hearing and eliciting music, music, music wherever he goes, nor to deter him from his resolve to visit the dread head-shrinkers, among whom, some say, there are also cannibals. He is never too tired to listen to—and to give us in vivid and picturesque style—bits of South American history, and glimpses of South American cities which will make the use of a guide-book totally unnecessary if we ever get there. The brilliant and kaleidoscopic style never flags in its interest.

One Day with Manu, as told and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry (John C. Winston Company and Junior Literary Guild) is the last in our group of books about our black- and brown-skinned brothers and sisters. It is written for young children, but it is so beautiful an example of book-making and colored illustration, that it will be a fine addition to that artistic bookshelf to which we cannot refrain from adding when contributions are so tempting. There are brilliant double-page illustrations, such as that of Manu riding the surfboard and preceded by three dolphins—surely about to leap from the page!—which, in conjunction with the finely simple text, give us the graphic "feel" of the Pacific Ocean in which Manu's island of Bora Bora is situated. Mr. Sperry's illustrations are well known and appreciated by readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but, aside from their outstanding value, the story itself brings to mind the thoughtful article of Beatrice Pierce in the last issue—*The Girl Who Likes Children*. If you have been interested in that article, you cannot help responding to a book which has achieved the rare and difficult feat of genuinely interesting older as well as younger readers.

Another island in the Pacific Ocean we

meet in a reissue of an old favorite—*The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Alesbine* by Frank R. Stockton (Appleton-Century.) This is a gift edition, admirably illustrated in the hilarious spirit of the story, by George Richards. If you are not yet familiar with those two famous New England housekeepers, and with the ginger jar upon which hinges one of the most delightful of American classics, now is your opportunity! *Sunny Hill* by Björnsterne Björnson (Macmillan) is the translation of a Norwegian classic. It tells with fine artistry the love story of two young peasants, whose reticence and unquestioning acceptance of what they consider their destinies, will seem to many of us like echoes of another civilization—which indeed they are. Synnöv Solbakken and Thorbjörn Holstein lived on the opposite sides of a valley—Thorbjörn at its foot, Synnöv on the sunny eminence. From the very beginning, although originally the idea of Synnöv's friendship seems put into his head by the trouble-maker Aslak, Thorbjörn places her in the same lofty position in his affections which nature has given to her home. The progress of their love affair is aided by Thorbjörn's sister Ingrid, and by occasional meetings, touched upon with indescribable delicacy. Indeed, the whole affair is so inarticulate and shy, that one scarcely realizes through what gradual and inevitable steps the two young lovers find one another.

WHEN we have grown interested in book characters, we reluctantly finish the last page of a book, and sigh for a sequel. *Cowboy Holiday* by Helen Train Hilles (Macmillan) puts us again in touch with Twig, Bumps, Jock and Rickey, whom we have met before in *A Mile of Freedom*. That mile has now stretched to as much of the modern West as Slim and Smoky, the two cowboys, will allow them to explore from the "dude ranch" in Arizona, which is headquarters. At first they are not of one opinion concerning the desirability of this. Certainly Jock feels in the beginning that Maine suits him well enough—and why not, indeed, murmur the enthusiastic Maine-iacs among us. But gradually the irresistible spell of the West makes itself felt, and Jock succumbs to it as whole-heartedly as does little Bumps—who needs only a horse to make her as blissfully and convincingly happy as we ever remember seeing a book character. Twig proves herself a friend in need to a sick Indian, as well as the kind of older sister whose growing-pains sometimes hurt us, as well as herself. Of course Rickey fits in everywhere—that boy is slated to manage the proms right through college, we feel sure, and to slide easily into the best possible job some day. Meanwhile the little group makes a graphic addition to our rapidly growing gallery of modern young Americans, and the West is as vividly before us as though we were watching it all from the Triple Bar Ranch.

In *Peter Duck* by Arthur Ransome (Lip-

pincott and Junior Literary Guild) we again hail with delight the characters in *Swallowdale* and *Swallows and Amazons*—those girls and boys who love the water above everything else. Having tested out rowboats and sailboats and the disciplined delights of genuine camping, they now sail for the Caribbees in a real schooner, the *Wild Cat*. When they started, they had intended taking just a pleasure cruise, with Peter Duck as able seaman, and themselves as the two captains, and the remainder of the crew. But Black Jake changed all their plans, as soon as his evil telescope sighted Peter Duck.

For years he had been trying to make Peter Duck divulge the secret of a hidden treasure, dug deep under the palm trees of tropical Crab Island, and Peter Duck had refused to bother. What he loved was just what the crew loved—"the noise of the wind in the shrouds, and the glow of the lamp on a moving compass card, and tall masts swaying across the stars at night." To Black Jake, however, such preference was inconceivable, and he makes things so impossible for the jolly party that soon their blood is up, and they determine to have a try for that treasure, themselves. In the attempt, they miss few exciting events, from a highly dramatic fog (to which they owe the acquisition of Bill, Black Jake's unwilling cabin boy) to an earthquake, a waterspout, and thrilling encounters with Black Jake's ruffianly crew. Barbecued billy goats, as Captain Nancy would say, what a story! It has the tang and the lilt of the sea, the stimulus of the best possible company, and the impetus of an absorbingly interesting tale which will not let you stop.

By the way, in connection with this, we ought to mention that the author, Arthur Ransome, is an Englishman, and the boys and girls to whom he introduces us, as well as the harbor of Lowestoft from which the *Wild Cat* sails, are naturally typically English in their style, but you will find them quite international in their adventures.

IN *Lone Rider* by Hildegarde Hawthorne (Longmans, Green) we meet another of the "great people of the past"—Kit Carson. Kit is the idol of young Ben Reynolds, who is thoroughly disgusted with herding his father's sheep when the story opens. He finds the opportunity to be a Lone Rider for the famous Kit far more to his taste, and he gallops joyfully away from beautiful California, to which he and his family had made their covered-wagon way in Miss Hawthorne's previous book, *Wheels Toward the West*. It was the business of the Lone Rider to go on various and frequently dangerous missions through what was then the Western wilderness, and Ben has his fill of thrills. One of his biggest comes when he has the opportunity to rescue from the Mexicans the Indian lad Qua Qua, who had become his sworn blood-brother during the period in which Ben and his sister had been captives of Qua Qua's tribe. Another comes when he meets Abby, and later when he succeeds in rescuing her from the rascally power of Jimson. Abby is a girl to stir any boy; and in Ben, as a member first of the Lone Riders and later of the famous Pony Express, the appeal of those early Western days is finely reincarnated. The jingle of spurs and the joyous thud of hooves pervade the story, and the Old West rises again before our eyes in all its picturesque and colorful glamour.

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS YOU NEED FOR STRONG, STURDY DEVELOPMENT

—are in this
delicious food-drink

SOME foods contain carbohydrates and proteins. Other foods are rich in minerals—food-calcium and food-phosphorus. But there are very few foods that contain ALL of the essential food elements you need for strong, sturdy development.

That is why many girls are weak, underweight, frail . . . for though they eat a lot, their diet is not *balanced*, and they do not get the proper nourishment for strong, normal growth.

But now, science has created a food which contains essential food elements you need for strength, energy, vitality. It is called Cocomalt . . . and mixed with milk, as directed, it actually adds 70% more food-energy to it—almost doubling the nutritive energy value of every glass you drink.

Cocomalt supplies *extra* carbohydrates that give you pep, energy, endurance. It supplies *extra* proteins that build up strength—give you a well-rounded, attractive body.

Cocomalt provides *extra* minerals—phosphorus and calcium. Furthermore, it is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D which helps the body convert the food-calcium and food-phosphorus into strong bones and sound teeth.

Drink Cocomalt regularly

Girls, for alluring, sturdy development take the advice of physical training teachers throughout the country—*drink Cocomalt at every meal*. It has a delicious chocolate flavor and you'll like it a lot served hot or cold. And remember, Cocomalt is the only chocolate flavor food-drink that supplies extra Sunshine Vitamin D you need for strong, sturdy development. It's sold at all grocery and leading drug stores. Be sure you get the genuine



Cocomalt and not a misleading substitute. For trial can, send coupon below and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing).



Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt

R. B. DAVIS Co., Dept. Y-9, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. That is your guarantee of the trustworthiness of the product and the claims made for it.

Champion, Do Your Stuff

(Continued from page 12)

"Eh? How—why, doggone it, so I would!" The little man gasped, beamed, and went on with his breakfast. "So I would, Tony. By George, that's important!"

"Very," she agreed.

He slipped a look at his watch. There was an hour yet—sixty ticklish minutes of suspense. "What do you say we go up and work that out—queen to the rook square?" he suggested.

"Let's."

Thus it happened that, at match time, the champion and several hundred spectators were forced to wait five minutes while somebody sought and found the challenger. The gallery buzzed, reporters sucked their pencils: "You couldn't guess. Playing chess with her father!"

FLUSHED and smiling, Tony broke through the crowd at the tee. "I'm terribly sorry," she panted. "I didn't mean—please forgive me!"

Sydney Lincoln paused in the act of teeing her ball. She looked up coolly at the slim figure in the faded blue sweater, the clean linen skirt and well-worn shoes. No flicker of recognition or emotion passed over her face. Not because she was angry. Sydney Lincoln never spoke to an opponent while engaged in beating her.

The gallery fell still. On his pad a reporter scribbled the phrase, "Grudge Match."

Then the champion's drive had whistled straight down the fairway, and Tony, sober and pale, had sent hers stoutly after it. John Hale, carrying his daughter's clubs as usual, noted her steady swing, the ball's trajectory, and smiled. The crowd broke for new points of vantage; officials begged them to keep back. The morning sun shone dazzlingly on gay clothes, green turf, white sand. Fore-caddies planted their flagged stakes, and it was to be seen that Miss Lincoln had outdriven the chess player by thirty yards.

"Short and sweet," was the word. "All over on the tenth."

It would be needless to recount in detail the fortunes of that match. Sydney Lincoln won the first four holes, almost without effort, and many said the thing was all over right there—four holes is a big lead. But Sydney Lincoln lost the next four, and on the ninth tee was all even again.

Nobody is certain how this happened. The champion's game looked impregnable—her drives were longer, her pitch shots had beautiful height, her putts ran true. Yet Tony, plugging along with that clock-like swing, somehow managed on those four holes to drop her ball in one stroke less. The crowd was murmurous, but wise-aces stilled their doubts. The match was young yet. Sydney had decided to toy with her victim, reporters said.

Few words passed between Tony and her father. He gave her the club she needed; she took it without question. She had no eyes for the crowd, for her opponent—for

anybody or anything but a little red flag on a distant green. As he had often told her to, she was playing the game alone, as if no other player existed. Spots of color burned in his cheeks; he stumbled in his eagerness to reach her through the packed spectators. Always she greeted him with an absent, flickering smile; reached for the club; murmured, "Thanks, Dad."

But on the ninth she was trapped. Her

cheaters were beginning to waver off the course, to find poor lies in the rough, so that she had farther to go. Tony's every shot, though short in comparison, yearned for the flag. And if the champion, blasting out a long brassie of a second, was able to reach the edge of the green, Tony found herself near enough to pitch close to the cup on her third and, with one putt, halve the hole.

Thus the tenth was halved, and the long eleventh, and the elbow twelfth. By now the crowd was getting unmanageable, pressing so close, starting away so quickly, that the players had scarcely room for swinging. Sydney Lincoln's face was blank, expressionless, as always. But close observers noted a nervous thrust in her long stride, a moment of indecision as she stood by her caddy to select a club; and once, having topped an easy shot to the twelfth green that would have put her ahead, she let out a breath of exasperation and moved spasmodically as if to throw her club after the errant ball. An instant's struggle with herself, and her face froze again.

The tricky thirteenth, its woods looming on either hand, was halved in sixes. Tony found the brook on the fourteenth, but so did her opponent, and again they were even. People were forgetting to applaud. With the flight of each ball a sigh went up—and was choked in the scuffle for new places. Reporters were sending boys cross-lots to the clubhouse to telephone for more space in their papers. President Young, who as referee was holding the flag, had his hat on the back of his head and a handkerchief trailing from his breast pocket. The click of steel on rubber sounded in a silence surcharged and unbearable. They moved to the fifteenth, halved that in sevens. It was not good golf, but it tugged at the heartstrings.

The sixteenth at White Brook is a one-shotter from a hilly tee to a green rather small and heavily trapped. Tony took the spoon from her father and, without giving herself time to remember her mishap at the ninth, drove quickly to safety twenty feet from the hole. Miss Lincoln, scorning the wooden clubs, against her better judgment and the appealing look of her caddy, played her number four iron—pressed the shot and sclafted under it, landing in the sand.

THE crowd gasped. The champion's attitude toward hazards was a point of pride with her. What would she do?

White with rage, she betook her immaculate self into the trap, swung twice ineffectually, and picked up her ball, conceding the hole.

"That's a shame," Tony said impulsively as they moved on. "There ought to be a law against traps. Honestly, I hate to take a hole that way."

Miss Lincoln, biting her lip, said nothing, but she stole a wondering look at the girl beside her. Far within John Hale,

STAR LORE

From THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest

I came out into the garden
In the summer twilight,
Watched the drowsy flowers
Fade into one soft color.

They seemed to say:
"Don't move! We are
"Listening for the crickets
"And reading the stars.

"If you watch, and listen,
"You, too, may know of our desire
"And our learning.
"The crickets sing of the long road to
the stars,
"But we are not afraid—
"The stars are nearer to us
"Than to the crickets
"Who belong under stones
"And in deep grass."

So saying, they slept,
And softly, I tiptoed away.

Age 16

Jean Weirick
Janesville, Wisconsin

tee shot faded and sank into a bunker short of the one-shot green. And Sydney Lincoln calmly dropped her ball on the clipped turf ten feet from the cup.

For an instant Tony's smile froze as the old fear gripped her. Then she turned, handing the spoon to her father. "Glad I brought the niblick," she said simply.

"Yes," he chuckled, white to the lips, "it's a—useful club."

Whereupon she played cleanly out of the trap and, against the champion's two putts, halved the hole.

The queerest thing was that, having halved one hole with Sydney Lincoln, she proceeded to halve others. Yet perhaps this was not so queer. She could not compete with the champion in distance. Wisely, she did not try to do that and so grow nervous and press. It has been shown that, on any but an exceptional course, full shots hardly longer than a hundred yards, if straight, are as good as those of twice that length. The Lincoln could drive a hundred and seventy-five yards, but her long wind-

trudging after, something began to sing. One up and only two to play—one up and only two—

Tony stepped out on the seventeenth tee. A long hole, she remembered, its last yardage uphill. She was tired, somewhere on the outer surface of her consciousness. She brushed her hair back, teed her ball, waited a little for the crowd to settle. White words on the tee box caught her eye. She looked. The words read *Sudden Death*.

Her knees began to quiver. Suddenly everything crumbled and faded, so that she was aware, for the first time that day, of the champion's and others' eyes upon her, and of the challenging silence; and again, now, she saw herself as she thought others saw her—a shabby, uncouth figure, a little girl from the sticks presuming to play in a big, historic tournament—

SHE drove, badly. A shudder that she took for derision ran through the crowd. She stood aside, looking at the ground, while Sydney Lincoln, suddenly alert with the experienced match player's instinct to seize an advantage, swung like a whirlwind and sent a low, beautiful drive far down the center of the fairway.

Tony paid no attention to that. It was the deep trap just off the green that she was thinking of—the worst trap on the course, where she had labored yesterday. *Sudden Death*. There was something cruel, sardonic, in the words. She knew abruptly that all this had been planned from the start. She would get into that trap. In it, she would lose the hole. And, having lost the hole, she would drop the eighteenth and the match. And Dad would pretend he didn't care. And they would go back to Merry Vale trying to smile when people said, "Oh, but you did awfully well! Nobody can beat the Lincoln."

She played a weak second, then stood waiting while the champion whipped one of her vicious brassies almost to the green. No longer could she keep Sydney Lincoln out of her mind. There was assurance, power, magnetism, in every movement of that lithe body; she looked the champion that she was. Tony was fascinated by that dynamic figure. She stumbled through a blur of noise and motion, in which Sydney Lincoln was the only fixed object. She wondered abjectly how she could ever have battled on even terms with this goddess for so long.

"All a mistake," she muttered, her eyelids burning and her arms and legs feeling stiff, wooden. "Unfair—"

She realized that the crowd had stopped, were waiting with accusing eyes on her. She saw that she was standing by her ball. Her father, his face queerly gray, was handing her a club—the brassie. Of course. Her third shot. She took her stance, looked up peering dazedly for the green. The knoll to the left—the deep woods behind—the trap to the right. If she put every ounce into the shot, there was a chance she would lie even with Miss Lincoln on the green. A half here would help—She swung, hit with every ounce in her wrists. The ball sailed high and straight, then dipped fading, struck, bounced twice—and disappeared in the trap.

Sudden Death. If only it could be sudden! She wondered why the crowd sighed.

Tony smiled a little, nipping her lip between her teeth to keep it from shaking.

Her father took the brassie, gave her the niblick. "Never mind," he whispered fiercely. She shook her head.

In grim silence Sydney Lincoln played her third shot, pitching well on but not near the hole, for she knew she could take it easy now, counting on two putts to pull even, reserving her strength for the final crushing blow. She was smiling faintly.

Tony stood in the trap. She saw it had been raked since yesterday. The warm dry sand lay in little ridges; her ball had made a transverse furrow before coming to rest. The high bank to her left, the spectators hedging her close, made her feel as if she stood at the apex of a funnel far from light and life and blue sky. In the corner of her eye, a red spot that must be the flag danced and swam crazily. So maddeningly near, so hopelessly, desperately far! Somebody whispered, somebody else tittered hysterically.

Then suddenly, everything that had crumbled and faded reared up, took shape again, and stood still and clear. This strange exhibition—crowds, jerky motions, little white balls—was only a game! A good game, but no more. Nothing about it deeply mattered, as big things matter—her father's love, music under the stars, pools of sun and quick sheets of rain. Whatever happened here, those would be the same. And she, Tony Hale, was the same always. She would not change. No, not if—

"If you are ready, Miss Hale," said a low voice—President Young's.

"Of course," she heard herself say. There was no hurry.

She felt the niblick's leather grip smooth under her hands. She looked steadily at the white shoulder of the ball. She said softly, against the appalling stillness, "Honey, do your stuff!" And she swung back slowly, deliberately, down and through with all her might.

STARING, as her father had taught her, at the spot where the ball had lain, she had to shut her eyes against the flying sand. In the blackness she heard a curious sound, a choking gasp. She told herself she must have driven the ball out of sight into— But it didn't matter. She would go right on. Everything was the same. Smiling, she opened her eyes as wave upon wave of frantic cheering roared up into the sunny air.

Tony stood there bewildered. Just as she thought, her ball had disappeared. On the green Sydney Lincoln bent over hers, putted quickly, missed. People were dancing, yelling, crowding toward her. Sydney Lincoln came running, jumped into the trap.

"Don't you understand? You holed out! I was wrong. It was splendid, the best shot I ever saw! You deserve everything. Shake, my dear!"

Tony stammered, "You mean—I've won?" And when the other nodded, beaming and gripping her hand, "That's funny," she murmured.

"It was grand. I'd rather lose to you than anybody. That last shot—"

"Thanks. But that last shot," Tony said gravely and truthfully, "was just sheer luck."

John Hale saw and heard. Something far within him sang a mighty paean of thanksgiving. Snatching his perfectly good hat from his head, he hurled it high and never saw it again. Change? Not Tony!

DON'T DEPEND ON OTHERS FOR FIRST AID EQUIPMENT



• Off on a hike . . . an accident happens . . . first aid treatment promptly given may prevent serious infection. Knowing what to do won't help if you haven't the necessary material instantly available. Always carry a Johnson & Johnson Official Girl Scout First Aid Kit with you on hikes and camping trips. It contains complete equipment for administering first aid.

Johnson & Johnson
**OFFICIAL
FIRST AID KITS**

Name-the-Cover Contest

YOU are invited to supply a name for our September cover. The reader who sends in the best name will be given a current book. Please observe these rules:

1. The Contest is open to any girl under 18, whether or not a subscriber.
2. Type or print the title which you wish to submit. On the same sheet of paper answer the following questions: name; address; age; if you are a Girl Scout; if you are a subscriber.
3. All names for the September cover must be sent in not later than September 15th.
4. Do not send more than one title.
5. The Contest Editor cannot acknowledge entries nor return them.
6. Send your entry to the "Name-the-Cover" Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WINNER ANNOUNCED IN NOVEMBER

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



Patsy Votes for Our New Name

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY: I have taken your magazine for over a year and I can truthfully say that the August, 1933 number is the best, in my opinion, that you have ever had.

First a refreshing sea-green cover greeted me on a sweltering, hot day! I cannot decide which artist I like the better, Joan Esley or Edward Poucher.

I have read a few books by Elizabeth Corbett and was glad to see the Graper girls again. Please, oh, please, have a lot of stories about them, if you possibly can. The new serial, *The Log of the Altair*, is great. Miss Price's sea stories are priceless. Let's have more of them.

You can't imagine what an improvement *A Penny For Your Thoughts* is, over *Well, of All Things!* It's new, modern, and I like much better the way in which you present the letters of your AMERICAN GIRL readers. Please do continue with that page.

Well, I certainly am glad to see Scatter back. I was wondering if she was lost, strayed, or stolen.

I can't find a thing wrong with your illustrators; and I especially like Helen Hokinson, Ruth King and Armstrong Sperry. Has Jacqueline Lee ever been in THE AMERICAN GIRL before? I like her Jean and Joan illustration. At first I thought it was Ruth King's, or I would have mentioned her sooner. I honestly can't find a thing wrong with AMERICAN GIRL this month, and if this keeps up, I'll take it 'til I'm an old lady. (I will anyway.)

Patsy Whitehead

So Does Natalia

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA: I've been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL ever since I was in seventh grade (I'll be a sophomore at the University of Illinois this year) and I haven't yet grown tired of it. It is very infrequently that I dislike any story. The last of that kind was *The Kidnaping of Sally McBride*.

The August number came yesterday while I was packing to move—we are going to Urbana, Illinois, to live—but the packing had to wait until I had read the magazine from "kiver to kiver." All of the stories are fine. I like the serial, *The Log of the Altair*, especially. The letters from Camp Andree are fun—I hope we have more of them.

However, in the whole magazine there was nothing I liked better than the drawing of the puppy entitled *Our Young Hopeful*. My father's hobby is raising fine English bulldogs. We have had two champions, one of which was the

Official Standard Bulldog in the June *Dog World*, and all of us love dogs. Couldn't we have some articles on dogs sometime, please?

What happened to *Well, of All Things!* this time?—Oh, I see the note now, that it has a new name. I do like that new title, yes, sir! I think I like it better than the old one.

Natalia Belting

An Intelligent Kitten

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: I have only taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for a few months, but I must write and tell you how much I enjoy it. I like every single story in it, and I can hardly wait for the magazine to come each month. My kitten is sitting here and watching me read THE AMERICAN GIRL again. Every time I turn a page, he jumps up and starts to bite it—probably that's his way of telling me that he likes it, too.

I especially like the *Laugh and Grow Scout* page and the *Well, of All Things!* page, but I like the whole magazine and I am entirely well pleased with everything in it.

Eleanor Steinka

What Miriam Wants to Be

KINGSTON, NEW YORK: After reading the article *What Do You Want to Be?* in the June issue, I simply could not resist the temptation of writing; especially after the "Editor's Note" inviting letters from readers of the magazine.

For a long time I've had a desire to become a doctor, and as days roll by, the feeling becomes more pronounced. The worst of it is, I'm only a high school sophomore! When I look ahead (and that is often) it seems as if I have a century ahead of me before my dream can possibly be realized. It sounds discouraging, doesn't it? I don't understand, and never did, why the women—some of whom would really make excellent doctors—should allow the men to reap the credit of being M. D.'s! My mother and others have often remarked that I should become a nurse because I am so unusually strong for a girl my age, and right

Dear Girls:

We have just read over again your letters received during July, and it has been hard to choose among so many interesting ones. We wish we had space to print them all!

Write to us often. We are always happy to hear from you.

Greetings from

The Editor

then I have said, "I'd rather be a doctor!" But enough for that.

I've taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for a year and a half now, and I think it's simply keen! I can't decide yet which I like best: Scatter, Ellen, or Jo Ann—they are all so interesting. I think the last "Ellen" story, *Longest Way 'Round*, was the best ever; but then, I always think that of every "Ellen" story I read.

Of all the short stories I've ever read, though, I think *Elizabeth Goes to the Fair* was the best. It was so screamingly different and ever so funny.

As for *The Hoodooed Inn*—let's have some more stories by the same author. I always enjoy *I Am a Girl Who*—, and only wish it would appear more often than it does.

Enjoying my magazine as much as I do, can you blame me for being overjoyed when my aunt gave me a two-year renewal subscription to it last Christmas?

I can hardly wait for my August copy, because I do want to see what happens in that latest serial.

THE AMERICAN GIRL certainly does a very great deal for Lone Scout,

Miriam B. Foss

Hail to the Girl Scouts of Utah!

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: I just know that you think we "Utahns" don't take much interest in your peachy magazine, for it is so seldom that you hear from us, but oh, how we do enjoy it! All the girls try to read the newest issue first, so they can go to Girl Scout headquarters and talk about this or that story which they have just read in THE AMERICAN GIRL, which someone else hasn't read yet. When we start to talk about the Jo Ann and Scatter stories, the room is in an uproar. In all, speaking for every Girl Scout in Salt Lake, we think it's the best ever, and we find it a great help in our Girl Scout work.

When I looked into the July issue, I squealed for joy. It's practically perfect. The grand swimming article, the article on folk dancing (a favorite pastime of ours), the article on the World's Fair, the interesting way Jane let us in on the camp cooking secrets, and Mrs. Goldsmith's poetry corner made it almost the best issue yet. I didn't read very much of her book review because our public library does not carry such late editions, but poetry is my hobby. It's a grand issue—the stories, articles, cover and everything.

Loads of luck to THE AMERICAN GIRL from the Girl Scouts of Utah!

Josephine Davis

The Log of the *Altair*

(Continued from page 25)

not be becoming for him to skip out and leave the ladies up in the dirty weather, even if they all did have oilskins. He was listening for a bell buoy which he said marked the opening of the breakwater shelter harbor, but we were so prudently far out that you couldn't hear anything but the sizzle of the rain in the sea, and the patter of it on the deck. We had taken in another reef, and were running quite safely, if very wetly, with Libby steering. Taking that second reef in those soaked sails was something to dream of, I'll tell you.

The deck of the *Altair* was a rather disagreeable place just then, but we still grinned at one another—and when Em, with her red nose and her foggy spectacles sticking out from under her sou'wester, went to strike six bells and slipped with the lanyard in her hand so that the bell went like an ambulance gong, we all roared with delight.

Faintly, like an echo of Em's performance, came another bell note, and we recognized the buoy. Nothing under heaven sounds so lonely and desolate and dismal and pathetic as a bell buoy. Moreover, it has a sort of ominous tone. I've often pitied bell buoys, living out their lives moored over a shoal or a reef, and clanging dolefully to themselves day and night, whether a ship is by to hear or not. But we welcomed this particular member of the tribe as if it had been as merry as a wedding bell. Skipper ordered a change in the course, and Libby yanked the *Altair* over and we got the wind around behind us and began scudding for the breakwater shelter. Libby took her in through the gap in the great stone arms in grand shape, and rounded up into the wind. I can tell you we got that wet canvas off the *Altair* and both our anchors out in jig time. It was pretty quiet in the breakwater; after the sea outside it seemed like a dead calm, and we drew several long breaths.

NEITHER the foc'sle nor the cuddy was big enough to shelter all of us till bedtime, and we didn't want to part company until then, so we rigged up lanterns and things in the hold, which was empty except for our ballast of pig-iron. Never shall I forget the galley crew climbing down the swinging ladder and handing down pails of chowder, while we yelled for them to shut the scuttle before it rained into the food. That evening we had a wild and gorgeous time while the rain poured down in drumming torrents on the deck above, and the *Altair* rose and fell. We put on some impromptu stunts, and then played *Murder* and *Sardine-can* all over the dusky hold, which was a perfect setting, and by two bells everybody voted that the rain had been a huge success, and turned in to their various bunks and hammocks and cubbyholes.

The morning dawned clear, with just the right sort of wind. We dried our canvas a bit, and then sailed gracefully out from our snug harbor and really made for Quanshogue this time. Up until recently, Roger said his aunt wouldn't be worrying about him because he'd expected to be gone that long, but now he was a day overdue and it was high time he got back. Ocean Heights, as Quanshogue was now called,

looked rather stupid from the water. There were some big hotels along the beach, and a yacht harbor, and a great and grand country club perched at the edge of the dunes beyond the town. We anchored in the yacht harbor, and a fussy little official came popping out in a motorboat to ask who we were, and where from, and where bound, and made us shift our moorings to the other end of the harbor. This had never happened before, and made us feel quite important. It's a wonder he didn't put us in quarantine.

ROGER insisted that we all come ashore to stretch a bit and meet his aunt who would be properly grateful for our rescuing him—even though we did run him down before we rescued him, as we kept reminding him. He went in himself with the harbor official, to prepare her for the horde that was to descend on her like a plague of grasshoppers. We followed later, in several trips of the tender, leaving Dick and Cap'n Battle aboard. Dick hadn't weathered the storm and the uppy-downy anchorage of last night very well. He really is quite a lubber in some ways. We all had on our Sunday full dress white skirts and jumpers; and with our lanyards and ratings and our watch stripes, we made a fine show. We caused quite a sensation as we landed in installments at the yacht club pier and waited for the others. I ought to state, by the way, that the *Altair* carried two other boats—real life boats, enough to hold us all in case of emergency—but the tender was so much lighter and easier to launch that we almost never bothered with the big boats.

Roger met us as the last load came, ashore, and we followed him up past the yacht club and the big swell hotels and the smart sport shops and the souvenir stores, until we'd quite left the summer resort part behind. Out toward the country club, which sat exclusively remote from the town, there were fields and trees and lovely rolling moors, and a brook that wound its way into a salt inlet which looked like a perfect spot for crabs.

"Here we are!" Roger called, and we saw a gate with "Little Peace" on the posts, and beyond, a darling old white farmhouse with a sunken garden full of lupine and larkspur where the barn had once been—you could see the old stone foundation wall as a lovely background—and grand old trees all around, shutting out even the remotest glimpse of modern Ocean Heights. Roger's aunt came running to the door to meet us. We'd imagined quite an old lady; I guess we'd skipped a generation and were thinking of grandmothers. She was quite youngish, and very nice-looking, and she held up her hands, as well she might, to see the crew of us trudging in.

"But it looks like the whole navy!" she cried. "Or the chorus in *Pinafore*! And you pulled my luckless nephew out of the sea! When he told me this yarn, I didn't really think you'd materialize."

But that wasn't true—for what do you think she'd done? Out in the garden was a feast of lovely little pink and yellow iced cakes, and tartlets, and cheese straws, (Continued on page 46)



I'm asking
AMERICAN
GIRL
to introduce me!

DEAR READER:

If it were possible, I'd like to call personally at each of your homes, and tell you about myself, the rest of the Quaint Shop Folks, and our long-established, friendly little business here in the Foothills of the Berkshires.

Instead, I'm using this space in the American Girl to tell you about the thing we're proudest of right now—

An Unusual Box of Christmas Cards

—not the usual "bargain variety" you find in boxes sold in stores, but 18 of the loveliest fold-ers imaginable, of beautiful imported papers—printed in gorgeous colors, and with friendly, "just right" sentiments.

—and with distinctly different envelopes, too, many of them hand-bordered, or with little silhouette designs on flap or front.

—all packed in a silver-and-black box that's so cheery we call it our "Silver Sunshine" Box.

You will have an opportunity to see the Silver Sunshine Box real soon—to examine it, to thrill over it, and to marvel at its low price.

Cordially yours,

James J. White Jr.

WHITE'S QUAIN SHOP

Westfield, Mass.

"In the Foothills of the Berkshires."

Do You Want a Pen-and-Pencil Set?

START the school year right by having a good-looking pen-and-pencil set for your very own.

Send one 1-year subscription for THE AMERICAN GIRL to Betty Brooks and she will send you your set without delay. This must be a new, not your own, subscription. Send it to

Betty Brooks, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Log of the *Altair*

(Continued from page 45)

and bottles of ginger ale and lime rickey. She and Roger must have worked like beavers in that hour he was ashore ahead of us. She stood with her arm over Roger's broad shoulders—by the way, he had changed his clothes, as well he needed to, and looked very nice in gray flannels and a white shirt—and they beamed at one another while we pitched into the food. It tasted gorgeous after so many baked beans, and the garden looked and smelled lovely, and the grass felt firm and steady and comforting after our cradle of the deep.

"You're a proper aunt!" Sticky grinned at Miss Morgan—a tart in one paw and a bunch of cheese straws in the other. "Roger told us you were, but seeing is believing."

THE aunt laughed hard, and listened to our version of Roger's rescue, and our other adventures—and, moreover, she asked intelligent questions and knew enough to call the *Altair* "she." Then Peter Lucas was introduced, and it was vaguely explained that he would come with us because he was looking for some people in Quanshogue who didn't exist, and Miss Morgan seemed puzzled but shook hands with Peter. Then, as if an electric contact had been made, she suddenly began repeating his name and saying:

"Peter Lucas! Not—not—surely my brother Ben's Peter Lucas?"

Peter looked wildly at her and said: "You're not Bennett Morgan's sister? Morgan! I never connected Roger's name—why should I? Then—Roger is Ben's boy—he used to talk of his baby? Is it possible?"

And, of all things, it turned out that this Bennett Morgan had been Peter's dear friend in France during the War, and had died in his arms in a shell hole, or some such thing, at the same time Peter got his leg smashed. Anyway, it was like a movie, and evidently they'd been the closest sort of friends—the kind you read of in books—for Peter almost cried, and I think the aunt *did*, and they just stood staring at one another. We finally had sense enough to turn around and look for some more cakes—and fortunately there were lots still, and we began all over again. Then the aunt said, "We have a great deal to talk about, Peter Lucas—some time." Then she gave herself a sort of little shake, and smiled at us and asked if we'd like to come in and see the house, which was very old and had been lived in by her ancestors for generations.

So we all went in, and completely filled up the little old farmhouse. It was a darling, and though it was awfully shabby around the edges and needed paint and new cur-

tains, all the furniture in it was genuinely ancient, and it looked as if it had been loved and lived in for centuries.

"It's a sweet place," Skipper said, sighing appreciatively. "Little Pease—and so it is! You're hidden from the world!" She ducked down and looked out of the small-paned window. "You can't even see the country club from here, though it must be fairly close."

Roger laughed. "The country club's rather a sore subject," he said. "You'd better not get Auntie started on it."

"I am sorry," said Skipper.

"Nonsense, Roger," Miss Morgan smiled. "We did hate having the place turn from Quanshogue to Ocean Heights," she went

jerk. Scotch and Dinky and I grabbed one another, and we said, "Oh, my glory—look at him!" Our Peter was having too many shocks for one day. He plunged forward and gasped:

"See here—see here—did you have any Newells in your ancestry? Any Silas Newells?"

Miss Morgan looked as if she thought he must have gone cracked, and replied in a calm and soothing voice: "Why, certainly. Silas Newell was my maternal great-grandfather."

Now I know perfectly well you aren't believing this part. You think that when I got here in this yarn, I decided I'd better snap it up with some of these fishy coincidences you see in the movies—but I stake my Sea Scout honor that it all happened just as I'm putting it down. If you don't believe me, you can hunt up Skipper at Mattahasset next summer, or any of the crew, and ask them—and they'll all tell you the very same thing.

I poked Roger urgently and whispered, "Peter asked you, in the tender that day we rowed to Tiller-ton, if you knew of any Newells round here, you goop!"

Roger got red and mumbled, "How can a fellow know about all his maternal great-great-grandfathers offhand?"

Miss Morgan was gazing in a perplexed and slightly stiff way at Peter; and as for Peter—he was grabbing wildly

into his pockets, and finally he pulled his wallet from an inside one and fished an old yellow paper out of it. Of course we all knew what it was, and a sort of sigh—very gentle, like wind in leaves or a softly retreating wave—broke from us all and whispered about the old rafters. Peter unfolded the deed and laid it in her hands—and then his leg, or his nerve, or something, gave way, for he sat down hard in one of the antique chairs and clasped his head with his hands. We all began talking at once, trying to explain to Miss Morgan what it was all about, because such a queer silence had fallen. But Skipper hissed: "Pipe down—pipe down, you swabs!" and we all tiptoed shamefacedly out into the garden again. There were a few cheese straws and some lukewarm remnants of lime rickey still out there, and we busied ourselves with these in a futile way. Em was figuring it all out in her methodical fashion.

"Peter and Roger's father were buddies in the War—and this is Roger's father's sister—and Peter's buddy's boy is her nephew—and she needed the deed to sell the land to get the money to live on nicely



on. "The country club is very, very anxious to acquire some of these ancestral acres for a golf course. That's the sore subject."

"Oh—I can well understand," Skipper said. "That would be sacrilege. You couldn't bear to have that happen."

"I could bear it very well indeed," said Roger's aunt unexpectedly. "A golf course is a quiet enough neighbor, and the country is left pretty much unspoiled by it. They offer a fabulous sum—a bribe. Or rather, they did at first."

"Then why—?" someone asked, puzzled. We were remembering how desperately Roger wanted to go to college, and how it was lack of money that kept him from going, and we couldn't understand.

"Law is so silly," Miss Morgan said. "I can't give them a warranty deed for it, and they refuse to accept a quit-claim deed. Well, I don't know that I blame them. But anyway, there it sticks."

We were such dummies that we never connected what she said with Peter's precious old search for the lost land in Quanshogue, and it wasn't until we happened to catch sight of him that we came to with a tingling

and send Roger to college—and she's the descendant of Peter's lost Newells—and her brother's buddy brings her the lost deed, coming out of the sea in a ship like something in an opera—and we rescued the buddy's boy out of the sea, just like—"

"Just like a lunatic asylum this'll be in a minute, if you keep on!" Marge protested. "Pipe down, Em; you make me acutely seasick."

Well, Peter and the aunt came out again into the garden presently, both looking rather dazed. But she was able to say goodbye to us very gracefully, and called us "marine angels," or some such rubbish; I think it was a more poetic phrase, but that was the general idea. Roger mumbled, "Talk about benefactors—gosh, as if being hauled out of the sea wasn't enough!"

WE LEFT her and Roger there at the gate of Little Peace, waving their hands. The late afternoon sunshine filled the sunken garden and spilled over the roof of the little old house, and gilded the road where we trudged along kicking up the dust with our white sneakers.

"Well," Em said, breaking a little silence, "if you ask me, I'm beginning to think it was all quite a coincidence."

We deliberated whether to sit on her in a row then and there, or to wait until we got out to the *Altair* where we could pour a couple of pails of sea water over her.

Our *Altair* was waiting for us, looking much lovelier than any of the sloop-yachts in the harbor. Dick was on deck, a healthier color than he'd been when we left. Of course he'd missed all the excitement—he quite often does.

Of course we talked steadily of what had happened. People put forward different theories, and compared notes, and marveled and wagged their heads, but it really all boiled down to what Cap'n Battle said about it when we told him the whole yarn. We were having supper—rather late, on account of the feast at Little Peace. He had taken a huge bite of bread and a big gulp of cocoa and was looking reflective.

"Wal," he said, "I ain't a godly man by no means—but I've lived long enough on sea and land to see a power o' curious things. An' if ye set quiet an' look hard, ye'll see the hand o' the Lord in most of 'em."

That seemed to settle it, somehow—and that's how we left it when we turned in that night. Peter had packed his dungarees and his flannel shirt and his razor and tooth brush, and had gone back ashore to the Grand Plage Hotel. Next day we'd be sailing without our two extra and unexpected men folks, Peter and Roger. Peter was in a vague and excited state of mind. A number of years seemed to have dropped away from him. He couldn't possibly have been called the Antique Man any more; it seemed to us that he didn't even limp so much. He said he thought he'd stick around Quanshogue for a while to help Miss Morgan settle her business with the country club. He knew more law than she did, and he didn't want her to be cheated in any way. And he was anxious to get really acquainted with Ben Morgan's boy, and—well, he was just a little distracted, and almost forgot his bundle after it was packed.

Yes, of course he married Rose Morgan after a while. That's why I said in the beginning of this log that it was a good

thing for him that he did come along with us. Because she really was a frightfully nice person, and just right for him, and we didn't have to worry about his being lonesome or antique any more. As many of us as could get away came to their wedding that autumn, and we wore our full dress Sea Scout uniforms, by request. But that's really getting ahead of the story, because of course we had a lot more of the cruise—plain sailing and grand fun!—and had gone back to Mattahasset, and then home, and even to school, before the wedding.

That night, in Quanshogue harbor, the *Altair* lay like a feather, with her lovely slender masts against the moon. We had a quiet evening of talk and a little sentimental singing of the moonlight sort, and were ready to turn in without a murmur. I had anchor watch, later—eleven until midnight. When Libby roused me—I was sleeping on deck—it was utterly still. A few lamps shone ashore; the casino and the yacht club were still brilliantly lighted. They looked like clusters of stars. The moon had set, and the stars themselves were gorgeous. I got to thinking about them, which is a great mistake, because it makes you feel like such an insect.

I wondered if there were any people anywhere else but on this earth, and whether all their silly little affairs were so important to them as ours. I got to thinking of all of us, in that tiny chip afloat on the big puddle that was the sea, and about all the millions of people asleep now in all their funny little houses that meant so much to them. People I'd never know, nor even see. And then I looked at the stars again and got that empty feeling inside of my skin that you get when you wonder why *you* are *you*, and who you are anyway, shut up inside your own head.

I KNEW it was time to stop, so I went and looked at the riding-light and the anchor cables, and listened to the mysterious plop, plop, of the black water sucking and moving around the *Altair*. Then I hummed 'Frisco Bay very softly, and felt better. I struck eight bells—the beginning of the mid-watch—and Scotch came to relieve me. "Dead calm," I said. "Stars shining bright, lights burning clear—and all's well." "All's well," Scotch echoed with a sigh, and we both stood there looking out into the middle of night, and thinking of Little Peace and the lovely rightness of everything.

Then Scotch pulled up the collar of her sweater and said fondly, "Well, good-night, you old swab!"

"Good morning, Scotch!" I said.

Synopsis:—A group of Girl Scout Mariners sets off with their leader, Skipper, on a cruise down the New England coast. Captain Jed Battle, shipmaster, accompanies them. Peter Lucas, a young antique dealer who has found in an old desk an ancient deed to some property, and is on the lookout for the owners of it, joins them at the last moment. In the fog they run down a boy in a rickety motor boat. Roger, as he is called, also joins the party, and they promise to take him home. But in spite of all their masculine help, they run ashore in the fog, and are obliged to seek out an old fisherman, Captain Eldridge, who thinks he may be able to pull them off. It seems that Captains Eldridge and Battle are old rivals.



with MELANSON OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT SHOES

Only the best leather and the finest workmanship—built on lasts approved by your organization to be as healthful as any shoe you can wear. After months of use, still comfortable, still good-looking, still worthy of the name, MELANSON.

Economical, too—
\$5.00 a PAIR
at dealers throughout the country.



Write for your Girl Scout Trail Map after you have bought a pair of Melanson Shoes

MELANSON

SHOE CO.—LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

HONOR BECOMES YOU



—especially when your Proficiency Badge is expertly embroidered by Lion Bros. Co. . . . insist on these beautiful emblems . . . correct in every detail. Sold only thru Girl Scout Headquarters, New York.

LION BROS. CO., INC.
World's Largest Emblem Manufacturer
BALTIMORE

Here's QUICK MONEY for You

21 FOLDERS—ALL PARCHMENT
In A Christmas Box Assortment
Exclusive—original—21 outstandingly beautiful Christmas Folders—each different in handsome Book Gift Box. Magnificent, multi-colored crayon and raised silver metallic designs. Each with an envelope. **AMAZING VALUE**—COSTS YOU 88¢—SELLS FOR \$1.00. Write for free sample and combination offer immediately. A startling easy seller. **WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street, Dept. 20 Boston, Mass.**

Flags Over Hockey

(Continued from page 22)

player be in the proper place at the proper moment; but in this game, played on a hundred-yard field, there is more of a set design of play than in any other running game in which girls take part. One can see one's own effectiveness in the pattern better than one can in more congested games like basketball, or more loosely organized games like lacrosse.

FIELD hockey is also an especially "clean game." No player may touch any other. The rules prohibit anything in the nature of personal interference. A player may not even run between an opponent and the ball, for instance, nor raise her stick above her shoulders. The play is all pass-work from stick to stick, with occasional limited use of the hand or foot to stop the ball's movement, or to roll it in from out of bounds. A player furthermore may not interfere with her opponent's stick. Her concern is entirely with using her own stick to capture the ball from her opponent and then to "carry" it down the field. In the use of the stick lies the finesse of hockey. Small exact movements of wrists and arms give a player the accuracy with which to "tackle," "dribble," pass and shoot without fouling. The All-American players are marked by their fine "stick work." In the speed of strategic movement and the neatness of good stick work lies the fun of field hockey.

Thirteen, some may think, is an unlucky number, but the United States Field Hockey Association thinks differently. This winter, when the association comes to celebrate its twelfth birthday and enters its thirteenth year, it will find itself in a position of honor and power which will mark off the year 1933-34 from all its preceding years. It will find itself so, that is, unless lightning strikes the present expectations of the hockey world.

The United States has been able to defeat a British team in field hockey only once in its whole history of organized play. That first victory against a team from hockey's mother nation occurred a year ago last autumn, when the All-American team of 1930-31 outplayed the Scottish touring team in the second half of its first match here, to win 4-3. We had played the English here twice before and the Irish once, and all the British teams abroad in our second year of organized existence, 1924, but we had been thoroughly trounced in each instance. It took our players nine years to rise to a level high enough to score once over Great Britain.

That first victory took place two years ago. Our defense play was equal, and at times superior, to that of the Scottish backfield. Our forward line, however, did not have the dash that marks the first-rate play of Scotland and the other British teams.

But—that was two years ago. American hockey play is improving fast. Last year the best players of the three sectional hockey associations, the three major divisions of the national association, the Northeast, Southeast and Mid-West, showed marked improvement in that one weak point in our technic. The present All-American team, selected from the three sectional teams last

autumn, has dash. The weak spot is being strengthened. If we were better than the Scottish in one game two years ago, perhaps we shall be better than other teams from Great Britain this autumn.

The girls of the European countries who will meet at the conference, and later be matched on their home fields by our girls, do not play so well as the British teams. Thus the American team stands a good chance of finding itself in possession of a number of hockey-playing honors when it returns at Thanksgiving time.

This rise to distinction in hockey play, however, is only one of the rewards for its

countries where field hockey is played, meet on some sunny green field in this country, people who know hockey's history here will certainly shake their heads and say, "It seems a long, long time since the first American ball was hit by the first American stick, in the hands of the first American player."

The seeds of hockey interest were sown here many years before club play started. The organization of clubs brought the beginning of good team play. In 1901 a young English woman, Miss Constance M. K. Applebee, came over to this country and introduced field hockey to the girls of the Harvard University Summer School of Physical Education. Miss Applebee not only brought knowledge of the game from her British background, but was a trained physical education instructor. The Boston vicinity awoke to a liking for field hockey.

The following autumn Miss Applebee gave demonstrations of the game at Vassar, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Radcliffe and Bryn Mawr. In 1922 she started a field hockey camp at Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania, which under her supervision, and that of assistant English instructors, has been the chief source of the fine hockey play and coaching of the country. Groups ranging from the All-American players down to dozens of novices are to be found at Miss Applebee's camp every autumn, learning from her expert criticism the "goods" and "bads" of their play.

Almost at the beginning came the formation of hockey clubs around Philadelphia in 1904, a league of clubs there in 1907, and the introduction of the sport in New York City high schools in 1909. Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore were the first four cities to boast organized club teams. Those were the days when skirts were long and hair was netted. Today, in trim bright tunics above the knees, more than four thousand girls are playing in the ninety-five active and two hundred and eighty-eight allied member clubs which make up the United States Field Hockey Association.

ANY girl looking longingly at the fine game of club players today can find an association somewhere near her home which will welcome her into the group. A girl not yet out of school can keep in close touch with U. S. F. H. A. activities through her school, if it is an "allied" member club. For those who have been graduated, there are city associations in and around New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and Madison, Wisconsin; and in the States of New Jersey, Virginia, Michigan and California. Three to fourteen clubs make up each local association. Information about finding and joining a nearby association may always be obtained by writing to the secretary of the U. S. F. H. A., whose name and address each year is given in the Spalding field hockey guide.

The clubs are there for all girls who want to play. It is an easy step from high-school graduation into club hockey; and, for those who really like the game, perhaps an easy few steps to that field in 1936 with the colors of the nations flying.

CHILD AND MOON

From THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest

Last night

A giant orange ball

Was entangled

In the branches

Of the oak tree.

But this morning

When I awoke,

It had freed itself

And gone.

Marian Kennicott
Des Plaines, Illinois

Age 16

years of determined effort which the United States Association will find in its birthday cake this winter, if expectations hold good. Another is executive leadership of the International Federation. A third, the chance to play host to all the women's hockey-playing countries three years from now, when the next tournament and conference is to be held.

Mrs. Edward B. Krumbhaar, the original president of the United States Field Hockey Association and now the vice-president of the International Federation, is expected to become president of the Federation at the triennial elections at the conference this month. Miss Townsend, captain of the present All-American team and of all the successive past ones, is similarly expected to be the choice for International Federation secretary. Miss Townsend has been the leading figure in field hockey here for the past five years, during which she was president of the national association. Last fall she refused renomination, and Miss Hooper of Boston, treasurer of the association, became president by unanimous vote. Miss Hooper and Mrs. Krumbhaar are both abroad with the team.

Plans are being made to hold a tournament and conference in the United States, probably in 1936. If this comes about, there will be a variety of national flags flying over some fine hockey field here, and everyone on this side of the water will have a chance to see how our girls can play.

Some day not long distant, therefore, when French, English, German, Dutch, Belgian and Danish girls and possibly girls of South Africa, Australia and the many other



Laugh and Grow Scout

Obliging

DRIVER of small car (driving up to filling station): I'll take a quart of gasoline and two ounces of oil.

ATTENDANT: O. K., sir, and do you want me to sneeze in your tires, too?—Sent by VIRGINIA OSMUN, Jackson, Michigan.

His Specialty

FOND MOTHER: My son has many original ideas, don't you think?

TEACHER: Yes, especially in spelling.—Sent by FLORANCE JAEGER, West Concord, Minnesota.

Ideal Hostess

A deaf old lady went to live near one of the naval ports. Shortly afterwards, a battleship fired a salute of ten guns. The old lady, who lived alone, got out of her chair, smoothed her dress, patted her hair, and said sweetly, "Come in."—Sent by ANNABELLE PETERSON, Leavenworth, Kansas.

When Time is Not Money

JUDGE: Ten days or ten dollars. Take your choice.

PRISONER: I'll take the money, your honor.—Sent by ISABELLE ROSS, Indianapolis, Indiana.



Inside Information

Bill Jones, a country storekeeper, went to the city to buy a stock of goods. The goods were forwarded immediately, and arrived before Bill did. His wife looked at the largest box; then she gave a scream and ran for a hammer.

A neighbor, coming to her assistance, asked what was the matter. Pale and trembling, Bill's wife pointed to a notice on the box, "Bill inside."—Sent by LORAIN OLMAN, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month Like An Object Of Art



Dick, aged three, had an aversion for soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him. "Surely you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?" she said.

"Yes," tearfully agreed Dick, "but can't you just dust me?"—Sent by SHIRLEY KANTER, Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

she replied sharply.

"Yes, ma'am," came back the captain, "but unless the boiler busts, we ain't going that way."—Sent by RUTH W. SPEAR, Scituate, Massachusetts.

Saving Lost Soles



CUSTOMER: Are these shoes worth mending?

COBBLER: Oh, yes. I can put new soles and heels on them and also new uppers. The laces seem to be all right.—Sent by RITA CARROLL, Mt. Vernon, New York.

And How!

One night in port, a sailor fell and hurt his hand. When he was getting better, he asked the doctor anxiously, "Say, Doc, when this hand of mine gets well, will I be able to play the banjo?"

"Sure," said the doctor. "Gee, Doc, you're a wonder," said the sailor. "I never could before."—Sent by RUTH CARPENTER, Marietta, Ohio.

Spectacular

TEACHER: Isn't it wonderful how nature provides for the needs of mankind?

PUPIL: I should say so! What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles on?—Sent by JEANNE EGGLETON, Charleston, West Virginia.

Captain's Right

A Mississippi River steamboat was stopped in the mouth of a tributary stream, owing to a dense fog. An old lady passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see the river," was the laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead,"

When last year's SCHOOL FROCKS report for duty

You can make last year's frocks look as crisp and fresh as you please, if you wash them with Fels-Naptha. Fels-Naptha, you see, brings extra help that gets clothes specially clean. The extra help of good soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they coax out dirt. Without hard rubbing! Ask mother to try this extra help for whiter, cleaner washes!

FELS-NAPTHA

The golden bar with the clean naptha odor

Your feet will CONTINUE VACATION when you go back to school



YOU can have vacation-time comfort for your feet ALL YEAR. Bass Moccasin Oxfords are styled to be smart and dressy. But genuine Moccasin construction gives bedroom-slipper ease for school and sport wear.

Don't confuse true moccasins with ordinary shoes that look like them. Real moccasins have one single piece of leather extending all the way under the foot. No inner sole to crease and cause soreness. Real Indian slippers... with soles added.

Write for a free illustrated catalog. We will tell you the name of your nearest Bass dealer.

WARNING: Stitching around the toe-top does not make a true moccasin. There are many imitations. Insist on Bass.

G. H. BASS & COMPANY
95 Main St. Wilton, Me.

Does Your Scout Troop Need Money?

If so write to us for information and samples of "Brown's Christmas Greeting Card Box Assortments." The prices are right. Boxes from 25c to \$1.00 of exceptional variety and value. Samples now ready.

This is not a new plan as thousands of organizations have and are still using it. We allow a discount of 50%. Write at once for information, and get an early start.

GEORGE P. BROWN & CO.

Dept. 4

Beverly, Mass.

CASH'S NAMES
For School and Traveling

The first necessity for going away is clothes marked with CASH'S WOVEN NAME TAPES. They positively identify all wearables, prevent laundry losses, ownership disputes. Permanent, neat, economical. Order now from your dealer or us.

Trial Offer: Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name in fast thread on fine cambric tape.

J. & J. CASH, INC.
43rd St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or
6200A So. Gramercy Place,
Los Angeles, Cal.

12 Doz	\$3.00
9 Doz	2.50
6 Doz	2.00
3 Doz	1.50

NUACE
MOUNTING CORNERS

Here's the latest . . . the Transparent NuAce Mounting Corner. You can see right through it! Neatest way of mounting stamps, postcards, snapshots, etc. Stamps or prints held firmly in place, yet instantly removed for inspection without harm. 80 corners to the pkge. Other NuAce styles, "Regular" and "Junior" in 6 colors, 100 to the pkge.; Gold or Silver, 60 to the pkge.

NuAce Corners, any style, 10c a pkge. at dealers or 5 & 10c stores; or send 10c for pkge. and samples.

ACE ART COMPANY
24 Gould St. Reading, Mass.

WORLD'S TINIEST TRIANGLE
for postage due use is scarce Bolivia (see illustration). Also a fine Kyuss triangle and wonder jacket including U. S. \$1.00 LINCOLN MEMORIAL Postage Stamp, MANCHUKUO, OLTE GUABA, BRITISH, etc. all for 5c with approvals and first class. Seminole Stamp Co., Pimlico-A, Baltimore, Md.

FREE STAMP COLLECTION
Contains stamps from Japan, China, Turkey, Cuba (large revenue), Africa (Jungle scenes, native chiefs, etc.), French Colonies, maps, birds, animals, etc. All free to approval applicants, 2c postage. 1000 hinges 7c. Watermark Detector 2c. Scotts 1933 cat. and premium, \$2.50! Tatham Stamp Co. (G-9) W. Springfield, Mass.

WASHINGTON STAMPS
of Poland, also Scarce Costa Rica Triangle, and big pkt. 5c diff. including U. S. 82 stamp, Gansler, Surinam, Charkhor, a giant and midjet stamps, etc.—all for only 5c with approvals. **MONUMENTAL STAMP CO.**, Arlington P. O., Baltimore, Md.

TRIANGLE STAMP FREE
and 15 other beauties from Togo, Gabon, and other interesting countries, free to applicants for approvals beginning at 1/4 cent. **DOMINION STAMP CO. Dept. A, Clarendon, Va.**

Lithuania Map Triangle!
(as illustrated), also pocket Tanganyika, Italian Somaliland, Sudan, Mozambique, Grenada, Jamaica, Venezuela, Kenya, U. S. revenue, etc.—all for only 5c with bargain approvals and first class. **Black Star Co.**, Box 385-G, Evanston, Ill.

NEWFOUNDLAND Land of the Caribou, sets of this famous animal in attractive colors, only 5c to applicants of my fascinating bargain approvals. **R. D. Stern, 24-54 Chanuway St., Long Island City, N. Y.**

ZANZIBAR PACKET! FREE Queer freakish stamps from Zanzibar, Sudan, Algeria, Nigeria, Victoria, Somaliland, British Colonies, Malay States, South Americans. Don't delay! Don't wait! This whopping packet free for 5c postage. **GRAY STAMP CO., Dept. A.G., Toronto, Canada**

FAMOUS "ERROR" STAMP! 5c
Scarce St. Kitts-Nevis (shows Columbus using telescope—not intended until after his death), also beautiful Egypt airmail, and pocket Tanganyika (Rajah), Brunei, Lowland Islands, Coroa, etc.—only 5c with bargain approvals and first class. **PILGRIM STAMP CO.**, Box 13-A Mt. Washington, Md.

Cuticura Soap
World-Famous for
Daily Toilet Use

Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 2K, Malden, Mass.



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE Post Office Department has recently announced that it will issue a special commemorative stamp next month in honor of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the admission to American citizenship of General Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot of Revolutionary War fame. The stamp will be of five-cent denomination and will be placed on sale for the first time at Chicago, Detroit and Boston on October eighteenth, and at other post offices throughout the country on the day following its initial appearance.

The American Philatelic Society held its annual convention at Chicago from August twenty-first to twenty-sixth. In honor of the gathering of this great body of stamp collectors, our Post Office Department issued special sheets of twenty-five subjects each of the one-cent and three-cent of Progress postage stamps. The printing of these special sheets was done by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at its exhibit in the Federal Building at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition. Visitors to the Exposition may view the actual printing of the stamps as done on the flat bed press, and a lecturer is on hand to explain every detail to anyone who is interested. We suggest that if you live in or near Chicago, you go to the Federal Building at the World's Fair to see these stamps being printed, as the opportunity to see this is worth the trip to the Exposition alone.

The stamps were first placed on sale at eight in the morning on August twenty-fifth at a special branch post office station where the A. P. S. Convention was held. The stamps are sold in complete sheets of twenty-five subjects, of both denominations, the one-cent in green and the three-cent in purple. The facilities at Chicago are not complete enough to have the stamps perforated, and so they are sold imperforate and ungummed. These sheets of stamps will not be available at your local post office, because they are not being distributed to postmasters throughout the country. Around the margin of the sheet is printed an inscription which reads "Printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, under authority of James A. Farley, Postmaster General, Century of Progress Exposition, August, 1933, in Compliment to the American Philatelic Society Convention."

Because you will be unable to get these stamps at your own post office, as mentioned above, the Editor of this column has made

arrangements to obtain stamps and first day of issue covers of both denominations for you. If you will send him a stamped addressed envelope he will tell you how they may be obtained.

To mark the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, Panama sends us a new two-cent commemorative stamp, which is illustrated. Guerrero was the founder of the Republic and served as its first president from 1904 to 1908. His portrait is shown in an almost circular medallion with the flags of Panama flanking it at each side. An eagle with spread wings surmounts the center medallion. The stamp has been engraved by Waterlow and Sons in London, and the color is rose red.



Another stamp which we are able to illustrate for you is one of three small stamps issued by Esthonia to commemorate a musical event known as the tenth National Singing Festival. The design shows an ancient bearded minstrel playing on a lyre. The entire sheets of the stamps have been covered with a network pattern. The values are two *sents* yellow green on orange network paper, five *sents* red on green network paper and ten *sents* bright blue on violet network paper.

In Canada a special surcharge reading "World's Grain Exhibition & Conference—Regina 1933" was placed upon the twenty-cent red of the current pictorial stamp, in connection with the meeting of all wheat-raising countries of the world. The overprinting has been done neatly in blue ink.

A very large-looking stamp comes from the Dominican Republic. It is the ten-cent air post stamp of the Quadrante Solar type in a new color. The stamp has now been issued in deep green, replacing the former light blue color, and the initial printing is for fifty thousand stamps.

A new series of air mail stamps went on sale recently in Hungary. There are four designs in the series which comprises nine values. The two lowest values are the size of the ordinary postage issue, and picture a modern type of monoplane in flight over the country. The higher values are much larger, upright stamps, and show designs in which symbolic figures and airplane parts are the motif. The colors and values are ten *fillers* emerald green, sixteen *fillers* purple, twenty *fillers* carmine, forty *fillers* bright blue, forty-eight *fillers* violet black, seventy-two *fillers* yellow brown, one *pengo* yellow green, two *pengos* maroon and five *pengos* blue black.

Make This Camera Yours—



NOW you can have a camera and three rolls of film free . . . if you will do a favor for **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. Send only **ONE** one-year subscription for **THE AMERICAN GIRL** to Betty Brooks and she will send you the camera and the three rolls of film by return mail.

Think of the fun you will have! Take pictures of your friends . . . of your pets . . . of your favorite scenery . . . of, in a word, all the subjects you now enjoy. Later, you will re-enjoy them in album form.



WITH this sturdy camera (it will fit in your purse!) you can take snapshots of almost any subject. The camera is the same size as the illustration above and the films when first developed are $1\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ but the man who does your developing will enlarge them at no extra cost to a size $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$. This means that your pictures will then be larger than the illustration on this page.

THINK of it! All you have to do is to persuade some friend that she should read **THE AMERICAN GIRL** regularly. When she gives you the \$1.50 for her subscription, send it with her name and address to Betty Brooks, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York; and Betty will send you your reward. Do it today to have the camera in time for school.



...and you can get one too!
WITHOUT SPENDING ANY MONEY

WHAT'S in that big heavy box that makes Sally so happy, her mother so pleased? It's something you want. Perhaps the one thing that every girl scout wants more than anything else. The complete official Girl Scout uniform.

And can you imagine it! Sally got it without any expense. Sounds almost too good, doesn't it? But it isn't. You can get one just as Sally did.

All you do is use the Libby Girl Scout Plan. It's simple, too. Just collect a certain number of the blue and white labels from cans of Libby's Evaporated Milk. Send them to us and get your complete uniform without cost.

It's no trouble to get lots of these labels in a hurry either. Libby's Milk is so well known, used by women everywhere because of its double richness, purity and economy.

Your Mother may be using it; surely many of her friends do. Every one of them will save labels

for you. Then you'll see how quickly the plan works.

Here's a real opportunity for you. Take advantage of it. Mail us this coupon right now. We'll tell you just how many labels you need to get your uniform, and every other piece of scout equipment. We'll also give you, free, a certificate worth ten tall Libby labels. Can you afford to miss this? Certainly not. Hurry! Mail the coupon today!

Libby, McNeill & Libby

Address: Libby, McNeill & Libby,
 Dept. AG-18, Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....
 Place, time of meeting.....
 Captain.....Troop.....



